

CAVALCADE

March 15



After the
"A" Bomb—
What?

By MARK HOPE • Page 4

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Names in cartoons and writings other than factual are fictitious.

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after the bomb ... what?

MARK HOPKINS



What horrors await those who survive in the shadow of an Atom-Bomb war.

A New Atom-bomb has burst.

There has been a great flash of light, equal to 100 suns. In less than a millionth of a second, the equivalent of ten thousand kilotonnes (10,000 tons of T.N.T.) has released nuclear-electron energy to keep a 100-watt bulb burning for 20,000 years. A blinding ball of fire, regulating a temperature over 1,000,000 degrees,

has leaped across the sky.

Three successive waves of force have roared down on your city.

The first two—blast heat, together with invisible, penetrating nuclear radiation, deadly gamma-rays and neutrons—have struck simultaneously. A second later, a blast wave has followed.

Your city has been crushed under

a great hand; and above it—like a funeral pall—has spread a huge mushroom of dust and stone and debris and human wreckage.

If you have been within half-a-mile of the centre of the explosion, you will probably not be surprised; you will almost certainly be dead.

Short momentary survivors, though, within that mile-wide circle, there will be complete destruction. Small masonry buildings will all have collapsed; light buildings, too, will have been demolished; only the twisted frames of fortresses of steel will remain.

Indefinitively few people will survive. They will have been killed by blast, buried by falling buildings, buried to death, given fatal doses of radioactive radiation.

The heat waves which preceded the blast-front will have lasted for three seconds, basic a four-mile circle; heat-free will have lasted everywhere. Most human beings will have suffered serious skin-burns . . . either fatal or causing permanent injury.

Then, at last . . . perhaps twenty minutes later . . . perhaps even sooner . . . the "fire-sister" has swooped down . . . walls of fire fanned by winds blowing into the furrows of the city from all directions and reaching twenty or thirty miles an hour at their peak.

It is impossible to assess the loss of life from this "fire-storm". (More than half the deaths and three-quarters of the injuries at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were caused by burns from blast-heat and ordinary fire . . . and at Hiroshima alone 70,000 perished.)

But—most terrible of all—there has been the wave of invisible energy which has struck untold hundreds with "radiation-sickness" that destroys human cells in the bone, marrow, blood, and living tissues.

From the wave, General—radiation (X-ray) will have dealt death at least 4,000 feet from the bomb-centre. Victims will have been left for more than half-a-mile. At 4,000 feet, you will have had more than a fifty-fifty chance of being unscathed by this nuclear holocaust, even though you had sheltered yourself behind 18 inches of solid concrete.

Not all "radiation-sickened" victims, however, will have died immediately. The ones will have varied. Some will have felt varying degrees of shock, possibly within a few hours; in the next day or so they will have been rocked by spasms of nausea, vomiting, and diarrhoea; a raging fever will have been the signal of the end.

With others, "radiation-sickness" will have subsided after two or three days and the patient will have seemed to recover, never suspecting that profound changes are taking place in the body. These will have been as warning when the earlier symptoms suddenly reappear. The delirious patient will have died mortally; his throat will have swelled; his hair will have fallen out and his sexual organs degenerated before he sinks into a coma. Death will have occurred within two weeks.

All these grotesque scenes have happened . . . but are, what?

These are the questions—or, rather, the questions—that you must answer. To begin with, has your city become an "island" about town, too "hot" with radio-activity to be entered in safety?

This is an open question. If your levels happened to register high in the air, the odds that your city is uninhabitable will be extremely small.

Scientists claim that—though the radio-active residue of the bomb must eventually fall to earth—the scale over which the residue will be distributed would almost completely discount any real danger.

On the other hand, if your bomb has exploded underwater, at stratospheric or undegressed, the sponge of water and dust will have been so radioactive that your city may have become uninhabitable for a period no one can predict.

And there is a third—and woe-possibility. Perhaps—quite apart from the bomb—after radio-activity has been deliberately sown in your city? So far, science has been unable to prove that this cannot be done.

The use of concentrated radio-active poisons (apatite from the monolith) has already been investigated by Professor Hans Thuring, a German physicist, and Professor Louis N. Rabinow, of the Illinois (U.S.) University. Their recent researches have shown that "a particularly vicious form of 'total war' can be made in an atomic pile during the processing of Plutonium.

"When a city has been contaminated by the gas," Professor Rabinow states, "no one without the proper scientific instruments has any means of knowing whether he has been affected. He may receive a lethal dose two weeks before he even guesses that he is contaminated, and yet a few days later he may be dead. The only ones who have a slim chance of survival are those who die at once, with a folded, disengaged hand—clad covering nose and mouth."

Professor Thuring runs even further. He has warned the world of what he has named "The Death Seed."

"The Death Seed," he declares, "is the lightest and most transportable of all weapons of mass destruction. It is prepared by drying a water solution of the deadly radio-active salts in a sand or metal powder. The mixture will yield radium equal to that given off by 200 lbs. of uranium for every six kilograms (a fraction more than 13 lbs.) of Death Seed."

At 200 lbs. of the "seeds" could dominate 140 square miles of country, the grim probabilities are obvious. Distracted scientifically, it could drag your return to your city almost indefinitely.

But perhaps even such a calamity as this might be overcome. Your city might be physically disassembled with chemicals, by blasting with wet sand or with high-pressure steam (as was done with the U.S. ship at Bikini) or by some newer process which has not as yet been devised.

Have you ever sincerely faced by a moral question: "What about peace?" You are still alive, but have you really enjoyed home?

Again this is an open question. In Japan, the U.S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission is still studying long-range effects of the Pacific War explosions.

One of the Commission's latest findings has revealed that—more than five years after the attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—eye-irritants have begun to turn up among the survivors. As at writing, about forty certain cases of "radiation" extract have been located; and another forty cases are suspected. Most of these were within 1,000 feet of the point above which the bomb exploded.

Ophthalmic studies have been established for social statistical follow-up; but what they will disclose, only

the future can tell. Until then, you cannot avoid the possibility that—if such long-delayed reactions are to prove wide-spread—others much longer delayed and more anomalous will come to light.

Which obviously gives rise to a third question. Even if you yourself are apparently unscathed, what of your children still unborn?

Nobel Prize winner, Professor H. J. Muller, a world-famous geneticist, has already predicted that the offspring of survivors of atomic bombings may be abnormal, either physically or mentally. His deductions are based on work he has been doing with fruit-flies, for he has found that fruit flies, hatched from eggs that had been exposed to German (X) rays, were born monstrous. Many of these monsters died because they were too monstrous; others, however, survived and some even lived to

At present, Japan has provided no positive evidence that this also applies to human beings, but the writer is still in doubt. An effort is being made to determine the outcome of every pregnancy in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Abnormal births are being handled by a system of immediate reporting and all live births are checked. In this way, it is hoped to detect congenital and also inherited abnormalities which often are difficult to discover in the new-born.

It has been estimated, however, that at least 200,000 births must be studied before anything but large abnormal changes can be traced with efficiency. So far, only about 25,000 births have been investigated. Here, too, a decision must be left in suspense.

And the threat of children being changed into human monstrosities, natu-

rally poses the fourth—and most uncertain—question?

Can the entire life of the world be destroyed by atomic bombs?

At last, there is a definite "No" for us to answer.

A report just issued by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission states bluntly: "To constitute a world-wide ruin, something like a million, atomic bombs of normal size would have to be detonated . . . roughly one to each 300 square miles of the earth's surface. Clearly, the situation is highly improbable."

So—whatever else happens— it seems you can depend on that.

No matter how terrible the toll of death and suffering may be, some of you will still live on as normal human beings.

Though many children may be born monsters, there will be others who will perpetuate the species . . .

Atom bomb or no atom bomb, it seems understood that the world—and human life upon it—will somehow or other continue to carry on.



THE ECHOES ANSWERED "Gold!"



CEDRIC L. MINTERPLAY

A trail of death and horror led to the rainbow gold which men sought deep in the heart of the Kimberley.

IF, in 1890, a man stood on the lowest spot of the earth's surface and yelled "Gold!" he could hear the echoes go clear round the world and back to him within a matter of days.

James McPherson told me that, as he sat on a hillside of his boat landing in the flood country of New Zealand, when a ripple of excitement ran through the town, Gold in the Kimberley! Gold to be shoveled up into barrels like road metal!

There was no Twentieth Century

the echoes to their owners, so here, on nearly bare ground in rockin' laughter in the depths of a bare barren rock—but the top was always worth it!

He was in Wellington, about a mile from the coast, when a ripple of excitement ran through the town. Gold in the Kimberley! Gold to be shoveled up into barrels like road metal!

There was no Twentieth Century

excitement in those days. Every town and settlement in Australia and New Zealand was full of rough, tough young men who had already crossed the world to seek their fortune.

Most of them, like James and his pal, Pete Holmes, had worked their passage in hand-driven sailing ships all the way from Britain in a chilling, moist and tooted.

By now all the word was round the port. The George "Korribah Lou" was unloading timber at Wellington Harbour. Suddenly the discharge was stopped up by the invasion of 100 rugged adventurers.

No money was involved. Captain L. Holmes, who was placed in charge of the expedition, was a Swedish-born navigator, who was to serve Wellington as a pilot for 24 years.

In a few days Wellington was sold out of picks, shovels, working pens, traps, and other things likely to be of use in thehardt sheep. Thirty hours were spent shoveling to lose the fearful prospect of a month-long journey in exposed walls on the already cluttered dock. Drugs were provided by a potion druggist named Wood, later to invent a certain Great Peppermint Cure.

The crowded barges hauled out of Wellington into a howling maelstrom.

The worst sufferers were the human Fourteen of them had to be hauled over in the first week, but by then the southwester had blown itself out. Captain Holmes took the barges, including the Great Barrier Reef, and cleaned her northward at a fast clip.

At last the barges got around the Cape, worked her way through Torres Strait, and headed into the Gulf of Carpentaria.

And there—the landing! There was a dirt, sun-baked bank, a makeshift wooden stage for small boats, and a yelling herd of people on the shore. Boats came off. The first was manned

by an Australian seaman, who was already in business in the United States. Eddie and others lightened most of the tools and supplies aboard. Wild with excitement, the would-be diggers sorted and packed their gear and lugged it to what was to be known as Three-Mile Camp.

There, after a few days of frenzied preparation, diggers hit the stream down the long, barren trail from the Kimberley came party after party of rugged and exhausted men—some were armed except for a pistol or the remains of a loaded gun of treasure, many were broken and bleeding. They were the dappies—the early anti-stopping back to civilization after two months of fruitless groping for gold.

A place started as Three-Mile became spread out, being everywhere in the vicinity. Double-barreled guns that had cost \$10 were sold for a pound each, rifles by the dozen, charged rounds at 50 and less. Horses went off at \$10. Then the majority packed up what little gear remained to them and retreated.

In a few days nearly 2000 men were in Darwin, groping in the heat, satisfied with fever and dysentery. The "Korribah Lou" was gone, and no other ship was in sight.

Pete and James did not give up easily. Somebody or other they acquired a horse—all traps and rods in passed, but it earned their gear through 200 miles of hellish desolation to the Kimberleys.

Taking their pack of equipment discarded on the trail, James and Pete arrived, bitter, tired and thin after had left Wellington. They sold the horses and some of the gear right there. James' friends, they are the same all the following week, at half-a-crownage a portion, in an opportunistic Chinese bath-house, had prepared for a claim. There were

A WARNING OF PITFALLS
AWAITING WISTFUL
WOLVES

Men are moulded much
alike
Just a band of brothers . . .
But women claim that some
men are
Much rougher than others.

—LAKON

plenty to choose from. Around the site of the original strike, the rocky ground was pock-marked with a thousand holes, most of them already dried.

They packed out one of these and went to work. It was the last stage of their quest for that quick wealth—a six-foot square hole in the ground, a pick and shovel, and a temperature sufficient to fry a man's brains.

And then, unbelievably, they struck it! Not much, it is true, but enough to allow them to quit with an handsome profit. It was a pocket, an acre—first dust, then a little cluster of crystals, then more dust, and finally nothing. The lot made a heavy little bag that a man could lift easily in one hand. They dug on for a full week before they were sure there was no more.

"Time to go," said Jessie one evening over their meal of tea and dumplings. "There's a trail I'll be following, down in the badland. There's falsey there, an' a man may rest not 'till the frontier around him."

"Hold with that!" growled Pete. "But you're right. We'll get out to the coast, drivey up—then I'll grab a boat to another field."

For three days they crossed the dry grassy prairie, but not a site could they find. Only a few dozen miners remained now, and the Chinese were swinging the last granite granite from the field. Then they found something they decided would do—a wheelbarrow!

It was a great clumsy German-made of a barrow, with the wheel in the center and the tray built round it, but the load was surprisingly balanced that way. They piled it with dried food, the best of their gear, and as much water as they could get and set out.

It wasn't so easy. Treacherous sand and spongey mud crevices held up their strength, so that after the first few days they were walking less than 15 miles from sunrise to sunset. They began to drop their gear, everything but the vital water.

The day after they changed the gear, the "hounds" pounced them. Jessie saw they were bailed up with their own gear. They stood and fought, but there were no tough against them and the sabre was well-honed. Jessie stood in dropped one and turned to engage another while a shotgun blasted from cover and his knee buckled beneath him. Something hit him behind the ear.

When he came to it might have been hours or days later. His first feeling was that he was moving, rolling forward somehow in a sitting position, his wounded leg stuck out stiffly before him. Then he found he was on the wheelbarrow, lying back against the wheelbarrow. Pete was in the harness bailing him, pushing steadily ahead.

Jessie does not know how long he lay on that barrow. He has no re-

collection of talking with Pete, but he knew early that the gold was gone, that they had been left for dead by the Chinese, and that Pete had managed to treat his own wounds, clean and splint Jessie's broken leg, and had him on the barrow.

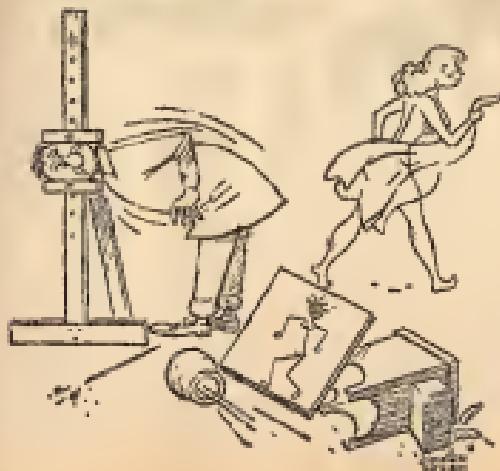
It wouldn't have been less than 200 miles—it might have been much more. Jessie remembers bleeding with Pete to keep him and the barrow and go on alone, remember the set face saying nothing, the unshakable firms conserving its energy for the main effort. And Pete Hobins, goldbeater after-do-well, rolling stage, caparisoned galloway, finally made it.

When they reached the coast, both men were delirious. The diggers who found them had to prise Pete's hands

loose from the shafts. Jessie had a cracked skull, bursting wounds in the hand and right leg, and a bone which was already knifing slowly. It was sufficient to keep him down and helpless for more than three weeks. During that time Pete vanished.

"What became of him?" I asked.

The old Scotian shrugged. "He heard of another mine, or jumped a boat, as he said. I did a man o' prospectin' myself, after that, but never did I find him. But take this, lad—if ye ever run across Pete Hobins—he'd be fit or thereabouts—tell him Jessie McPherson's got a tidy bunchin' in the bad country, where a man can look at greenbacks—an' half buckin' the bars!"



DOORBELLS AND

GERALD REYDEN-BROWN

SCREWBALLS



These door-to-door housekeepers who implant you day after day "just to look at their samples" have their way

MAYBE someday, I'll give up journalism and go to work. And if I do, I've got my job all picked out. I'm going to sell from house to house in the refrigerator, check the radio, read meters and things, or even just sit around!

I decided this after a yarn the other day with a chap named . . . well, just call him Bill.

Bill has spent a lonely long . . . and lonely . . . life as what I would call a door-to-door housekeeper. He has survived every possible variety of weird (gas, electric, water or sprout

driven). He has taken lots of names for the census. He has sold everything from insurance to aspirin, and collected for such onder companies as his purchase firms.

Last to Bill.

I was peddling "Suckers" (vacuum cleaner) on the North Shore a while ago. Now, girl opened the door. Looked in through the户没 been known long. She said she'd like to see a demonstration of the machine, so I began to set it up. After a minute or so the amazed housewife, saying she'd be back in a

moment, I waited for about 30 minutes, then I heard a key in the front door and a mouth-eared woman walked in.

With her eyes stocking out, she asked what I was doing there. I said I was waiting to give a demonstration to the lady of the house. The old gal gave a squeak and ran for her bedroom. I heard her phone to the police.

When they arrived, I gathered the young place had been a hot burglar. She'd get away with a snap-dough and jewelry. I never did give a demonstration in that house!

You'd be surprised the terrible people can come. They say the "W.H. you help me?" experts. Here I HAD them! They don't want to buy anything, but they need a strong man to help them. It may be to bring a picture or to move a piece of furniture. Perhaps the lights have fused or the gas has gone off. Maybe a window has stuck, or a key won't turn in the lock.

The things I've been asked to do! I've cleaned a backed drain, put water in a gas meter at one house, and taken some out at another. I've credit a country store (and parents twice). I've removed rats from trees and raised a stiff because I was asked to rescue some sleepy baby from the double walls of a building.

More than once I have been asked to button up dresses, once to be the dress bow for a man. Why he was wearing full evening dress at 11 in the morning, I'll never know.

Sometimes I have been asked to run errands. Perhaps to the local butcher or grocer. "Because I have something on the stove and I can't leave it." I talked to one woman about a new radio for two hours. She looked at my catalogues and listened, agreeing with everything I said. But when I brought out the form with the dotted line, she gasped:

"Oh, but we don't want a radio! We're leaving for England on Wednesday."

I said "Madam, please? Why didn't you tell me that before instead of allowing me to talk for two hours?" She smiled brightly. "Oh, but my husband will be acting captain on England, and I wanted to see if you had some good sentences I could give him."

Yet some people are decent. I often get a cup of tea, now and then a free lunch is not unusual, especially when I've made a sale. One woman wanted me to come back that evening and make a fourth sit bridge, but I figured my husband would take a dim view of that.

I was asked once to take two kids for the day while I did my rounds in the service car. Menus assigned to spend the day in town. I figured that dinner; but it's hard to understand the mentality of a woman who will trust two young children—either at that—with a total stranger.

I've walked into some beautiful family brands, too. On a refrigerator service job, I separated a young couple who might otherwise have killed each other. We drink the beer that was in the refrigerator . . . after I'd fixed it. Then the terrible bottle got open and the pin of three turned on me!

Dogs are another version. I've lost several pairs of pants to dogs, but the owners have always replaced them.

On the pants, not the dogs. On the North Shore, near Pynsle, I was walking up the steps of a little home. I was carrying refrigerator tools and a short bottle of sulphur dioxide which smells!

Suddenly a huge Alsatian came galloping down the drive, with teeth all bared and snapping. The thing could have taken off an arm or leg. I dropped the tools and seized the steel

MEOW-MEOW DEPARTMENT. So help me, I bet that from Hollywood comes a conversation between two jazz glamour girls . . . you know, the kind who'd just love to land one of those fat and fancy eating roles usually reserved for top-flight stars. Exclaimed the first: "Isn't it wonderful! Anne Allyson's having a baby!" Second sister replies with wonderment: "What's so wonderful about that?" she asks, "I thought you loathed the Abyss?" "That's right, I do," replies Starlet One promptly. "But she'll be off the stage for a whole year, and maybe now I'll get a chance."

—From *Photoplay*, the world's greatest motion picture magazine.

bottle at the dog. Just before he passed, I opened the valve and allowed a stream of liquid starch to knock that head off in the face. I never saw a dog stop so quickly, look so hurt or disappear so rapidly!

At one house a woman assured me that her enormous Airedale was chained up. He was—in a steel collar—running down the side of the house. I came in at the gate and the Airedale came down the line like a bunch trees! I passed a iron ring out.

"You . . . dogs and me . . . we're always. Whenever I see one, I remember an oldtime . . . you might call him one of the granddaddies of modern salesmen . . . because super-bargain won't be frequent in this day."

Well, this oldtimer was a green-grocer and he wandered round a certain Australian country town in a horse and trap.

He had a way of suddenly-upping the horse by kicking to and fro on the reins as if he was rowing a boat. Which was why they called him "The Scudler" . . . "The Scudler" would have

been a better name if you ask me. Anyway, there was a house on "The Scudler's" rounds where they harbored two large and blood-thirsty colts.

When "The Scudler" first made the acquaintance of these colts, he was prepared to treat them as nothing—acquaintances, if not bosom friends. The colts made very good acquaintances and they were on "The Scudler's" books. Then they leaped at him like two raving wolves.

"The Scudler" just had time to lead them off with his basket before departing at speed. He passed through the front gate suddenly . . . but he left the rest of his rounds intact.

Naturally, he reached the obvious conclusion that his life was endangered by visiting that house, but he couldn't afford to lose a customer . . . not in those days.

He presented the housewife with an ultimatum. He would throw the vegetables over the fence if she would too back the money into the street. On no other condition would he give passage at the dwelling.

He was the only green-grocer in

town so there was nothing else for it. She did . . . and the housewife did . . . and it continued as long as the colts lived.

It very soon developed that both jennies seemed to mysterious circumstances not many months afterwards.

Sometimes a gal will attract even the scum. It happened to me, once. I was doing Webster, Sylvan, with colors of all types. I walked past a dilapidated weatherboard shack thinking it would be a waste of time to call.

As I was leaving the house next to the shack, an old woman partner had over the fence and asked what I was selling. I told her. She grunted. "They. As I'm master of that, I want one. What do they cost?"

I showed her the catalogue and quoted prices of everything from painted models at a few quid to an

enormous console job that had a stereophone, short-wave radio, an electric microphone, a small cocktail cabinet and record storage. The price of this policy's dream was \$125—in those days—and, believe it or not, that was what the old gal bought! Not only bought, but paid for it cash with notes from a big cashbox. She ordered a hundred records . . . and paid cash for those, too. I installed the set next day for her, and the best of the shock was in answer that I had to build the legs of the console up with scraps of wood!

I've met a lot of people in this business—dopey ones, but few scummen ever stuck it. Somewhere, I think most of them got disengaged after a while. I don't blame them.

For a student psychologist, the job of counselor would give more education in a week than two years in a classroom. You, I know!



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . No. 11.

Loughnan was more than a tennis champ—she was tennis itself, but impertinent looks had too far

FRANK BROWNE



the Sauciness of SUZANNE

THE crowd that packed the Wimbledo
and Centre Court stands that summer day in 1938 was stunned.

The legend of the tennis immorality of Mrs. Lambert Chambers was being broken. Till, general, easy-bash a champion to appearance, the seven-time Wimbledo title holder had never been pushed right out before.

Of course, her sly look had youth on her side, being a mere twenty. Playing on grass for the first time in her life, after the hard courts of

her native France, she had raced through the eliminating rounds in impressive style. But nobody expected her to give Mrs. Chambers much red trouble.

Not until at the end of the first game, in the first set, was Mrs. Chambers looking worried. Her opponent had taken the first game without losing a point.

The astonished crowd saw the challenger—an extremely ugly, game-faced girl—pile up a load of four games, hitting with a force that

had never before been seen from a woman.

Then the champion's countenance got to work. She got her opponent to run into the net, and began passing her with subtlety.

The 4-4 line dropped to 4-1, soon the score was 4-3. The title-holder had a love at the next game, the score became 5-3. The challenger served and went to forty-love.

Mrs. Chambers then showed why she had her reputation. She played two perfectly judged drop shots, finally got up to win the game—and then the next—to make the score 6-3. She went into an 11-11 bind, and required only one point for the set. The Miss girl at the other end must have been worried, but she didn't show it. She got a blinding service speed to win game and took over tally in the next three games to go to 8-3.

She took the first set at 101.

But Mrs. Chambers made short work of her in the second set, winning 6-4.

The experts noted how sly the challenger looked. Not a long set this one, they wrote.

They were amazed when the girl ran to a lead of 4-1. Mrs. Chambers, however, pulled up in thirty minutes; the champion led 6-4, and 9-10. One more point to clinch the title.

She served, the challenger drove deep to the baseline. Then she charged the net. Everybody expected the champion to pass her with one of the shots that had won so many points in previous games. Back came the ball. Up shot the challenger's racket; the ball dropped back over the net in an employable position.

From that point the tide turned. The challenger took the game, went on to the set—and the title.

The name that they wrote on the scroll of title-holders was Suzanne Loughnan. She was to win the title five times more and establish herself as the dominating personality, not only in women's tennis, but in tennis generally.

What she did to Mrs. Chambers when they met in the final of the 1939 Wimbledo title shows what she must have been like at her top. She blotted Mrs. Chambers 6-1, 6-1.

The first expression that people got from meeting in Loughnan was what an ugly woman. She was short and slight, with a round face where the outstanding features were an enormous hooked, Punch-like nose, and a very big mouth. Her eyes blazed drowsily. She a tiger. But her nipples writhed out there in the centre, with a racket in her hand, a racket wrapped in a grip which seemed to all tennis, was all wrong—the place held her thighs across the broad front bowl of the handle. There, she played with the grace of a ballerina.

She was, of course, hard to get on with. From the time that she started playing tennis (at the age of seven), her father, a crazy Frenchman, drilled it in to her that not only ball she had to be self-sufficient, and educated, but that she had to make sure that she gave nothing away to opponents. She played to the rules but that is all. If a show of temperament would help her in any given situation, then she turned it on.

She was defeated only once.

This was in 1938 when she went to America to play in the National Championships. Two days after she stepped off the ship, without a chance to practice or get used to the bigger and harder American tennis balls, Loughnan found herself facing the title-holder, Mrs. Mable McKinley.

She dropped the first set and won

It must be that Yankees bunt. A National Safety Council official in Chicago was to judge a poster competition. Subject of the poster was "How Not to Bump on the Job." On the way home, the official slipped and broke his arm. Equally weird was the result of overenthusiastic affection. Two friends, rushing to greet one another, collided head-on. One broke his skull; the other his leg.

trifling 2-1 in the second. She walked off the court dancings everything, an act that the Yankees never forgave her. So Miss Mallory was technically the victor, although nobody in their right mind would ever compare her with the great Suzanne.

In 1928, there arrived in Europe a girl whom the Yankees claimed would put an end to the Langlen supremacy. A poker-faced, known last called Helen Wills.

The pair met at Cannes in the final of the Carlton Club tournament.

Off they went. Although Suzanne won the first game to love, it was obvious that Helen Wills was the nearest thing to a match she had struck in seven years. Langlen, playing like a rock, went on to take the set 6-3.

In the second set, Wills turned on the hand-lashing. She really unsettled the French girl, went to a 3-1 lead. Then Langlen shaved the game up and got up to square it at 3-3.

Fortunes now turned until the game went to five-all.

Langlen polled out to 8-4, and led 9-15 on her own service. Then Wills hit a forehand shot. Somebody called "Out!" The players rushed to the net and shook hands. Spectators and photographers raced onto the court.

Suddenly the voice of the umpire announced that the shot had not been called out by the linesman, but by a spectator. The game wasn't even. Suzanne showed what a champion she was by going back, setting down again, and winning 8-6, to take victory in straight sets.

There is a school of thought, principally American, which claims Helen Wills is the greatest women player of all time. But on records, the pair only met once—and Langlen won.

There is another yardstick. In 1931, after Suzanne had been out of the game seven years, she played with Helen Hull, who was capable of exceeding Wills at most times. According to Helen Hull, she found that Langlen was her master at every department of the game.

A few months after the victory over Helen Wills, Suzanne Langlen again came to Wimbledon. It was not only Wimbledon, but Jubilee Wimbledon, the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the All-England Championships, which had grown to become virtual World Championships.

Langlen played her first two rounds, and was set down for the Centre Court on the third round.

Queen Mary, one of her warmest supporters, was there in the Royal Box. The time for the game arrived and Langlen's opponent came out. But no Suzanne. Five, ten minutes . . . and nothing happened. Humour spread like wild-fire. Langlen was being difficult; she wouldn't go on. The order in which the matches were being played didn't suit her.

Nothing happened on the Centre Court for forty minutes. The Queen

made inquiries. Awkward silence ensued, begun rocking again. In the dressing room below, the champion sat, looking straight in front of her. In came Jean Borrell, the French Basque, who had twice won the Wimbledon title, to plead with her.

All nothing doing. Finally, out of the crowd began to hear that Suzanne Langlen. She began to get nervous, not to play tennis, but to walk out of tennis—if any wife, amateur tennis.

So—the boss and house and all the chores that she had known—Suzanne Langlen walked out.

She turned pro and made a tour of the States, but the galleries in America had never forgave her walk-out of 1931. The Wimbledon standard also wrinkled. The tour was a financial flop. She retired that year.

Suzanne Langlen died in 1959, aged only 32, having achieved the unique distinction of becoming a legend in her own time.

CUT OFF

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



YOUR ENEMY

the heart

HOWIE SHANNON



Heart disease is rapidly rising to the top of the catalogue of life's ills to humanity.

You will be hearing a lot more about heart disease and associated circulatory ailments in the years just ahead.

This was a recent observation of one of the foremost authorities on the subject in America, Dr. Alfred E. Cohen, medical-physician and

member scientist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

The more Dr. Cohen and his fellow scientists and heart specialists delve into their subject, the more they are baffled in their search. Figures released by the U.S. Public Health Service show that there are

now 1,200,000 Americans with heart disease.

According to the estimates of this government agency—estimates based on the most elaborate survey of the subject ever undertaken—there will be 150,000 deaths this year due to heart and circulatory ailments in this country. Deaths from all other causes will total about the same number. In other words, heart disease now accounts for just about half of all deaths.

The U.S. Health Service study shows that women have heart trouble more often than do men. That can be accounted for by the fact that women live an average of six years longer than men. There is a strong indication that this difference in the average life spans of the two sexes is the explanation, since women also have a higher proportion of the less serious circulatory ailments.

It is also notable that heart attacks are not nearly as likely to be fatal or disabling in the case of women. Only 21 per cent of women die from the fatal heart attack, compared to 44 per cent for men. The big killer among men is disease of the heart itself, such as coronary thrombosis, rheumatic heart and engine pectoris.

A partial explanation of why so little is known about the basic facts of the heart may be that it was less than four centuries ago that circulation of the blood was discovered by William Harvey. He arrived at the modern conception of how the circulatory system functions.

With every beat of the heart approximately 5 ounces of the life blood are forced into the pulmonary artery which carries it to the lungs. Some one has taken the trouble to figure out that this means that in the course of 70 years this busy pump

pump moves a total of 100 million gallons. That many gallons of gasoline would propel an automobile a distance equivalent to nearly 200 times the circumference of the earth.

No one to-day even pretends to understand the secret of this bundle of muscle, which never has an instant as few seconds of rest while you are alive.

No other body tissue is even resembles like the heart muscle. None is so complex and so little understood.

There is a great variation among individuals in the rate at which the normal heart beats. It has been found to range from as low as 40 beats a minute to as high as 200. On the average the female heart has more pulsations per minute than the male. That is a new fact—a surprise as fast as the birth of an adult.

Because of the pumping mechanism itself fall into two main groups—those of the valves and of the heart walls. The most common cause of damage to the valves is an infection, rheumatic or otherwise. Relation of the heart walls is frequently an aftermath of infection such as influenza. Under any kind of strain or excessive activity there is considerable dilation of the normal heart. But the dilation soon subsides, unless the organ is weakened by disease.

Circulatory ailments, including diseases of the large coronary arteries which surround the heart itself, are almost entirely due to arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries. As these pass a fatty deposit called cholesterol accumulates in the walls of the arteries, partially closing them and greatly reducing their elasticity. It happens to every one of Adam from birth to old age and begins to be-

ANIMAL ANTICE (WIND)

Archibald A. Adder is nervous about his lot,
Some folks deign to nod to him, but mostly they do not;
The little injustices of the world has cur him to the quick,
The Nation (and the State of it) make him feel rather sick.
He lurks in silent solitude—you might say underground—
And views with consternation the gymnastics of the young.
He sorrow for the fallen of a democratic ego
And the plumes others get from it have turned his black with rage.
He crouches darkly in the shade with lousy, lousy head;
It's only when he needs to strike, you see his belly's Red.

—PAT-PAT

comes serious for most men and women around 40.

But when about the most serious forms of heart disease, the symptoms and what to do? The two most common causes of sudden and fatal termination of heart activity are coronary occlusion and arrhythmic pectoral. It is one or the other of these which is popularly known as a "heart attack."

Coronary occlusion or thrombosis means simply that one of the main heart passageways or vessels has been plugged by a clot of blood or tissue.

Little is known as to why the blood may suddenly clot in the passageway through the heart, but there have been a number of recent discoveries of drugs which sharply reduce the tendency. One of the puzzling features of thrombosis is that it usually

comes while the individual is asleep or at rest. Signs of the arrhythmia, however, merit that investigation reveals that there was unusual physical activity or emotional stress in the previous 24 or 48 hours.

You will know it if and when you have such an attack—if you are lucky enough to survive. It is accompanied by an acute agony under the chest bone, extending to one or both arms. The pain comes and goes rhythmically.

"It is the nearest thing to labor pains a man can ever have," is a graphic account. "A man experiencing a thrombosis attack往往 has the same rhythmic agony."

In sharp contrast to a thrombosis, attacks of arrhythmia are ordinarily progressive, mild at first and becoming increasingly severe. And invariably

they are associated with physical activity, though of a comparatively mild nature. An attack of this nature can be even more excruciatingly painful than a thrombosis. Characteristically, it is a sharp, stabbing pain under the breast bone which usually builds out to the middle of the left side and sometimes all the way down the arm. A sense of strangulation is characteristic. There may be a cold sweat headache for good measure.

Though arrhythmic pains is more of a circulatory ailment than a disease of the heart, men are more subject to it than women. It is a circulatory ailment in that it only occurs when the coronary arteries which nourish the heart itself are severely narrowed with cholesterol. That is, when they are so hardened that they can't accommodate themselves to a little extra pressure due to physical activity.

Most of the better specialists today prescribe regular and moderate doses of alcohol for the entire surface. Alcohol relaxes the tissues of the placid heart and there is considerable evidence that it tends to

retard the rate at which cholesterol is deposited in the pipes.

Here is the physicians' prescription of an old and wise San Francisco specialist, Dr. Charles Miner Cooper, for the man with an ailing heart:

1. Bring your weight down to normal. Do it gradually, never overloading the stomach and digesting and excreting only in a moderate way.
2. Cut down the extent and speed of all physical activities. Do nothing that will make your breath come fast from though that causes circumscription of some youthful pleasure! Avoid physical effort after meals.
3. Don't work you mind weary.
4. Keep your emotions in check. Do keep when angry or angry.
5. Be cheerful.
6. Stop smoking.

Take a lot of good advice though there is still much dispute among medical bureaus as to whether smoking is harmful to the heart. All are agreed, however, that a middle-aged man who takes a wife 20 or 25 years his junior is gambling heavily.



CANALADE, March, 1951 23

Ripe eggs for Romeo

There has never been a Romeo quite like Mr. Robert Coates, for which audiences give pause.

GAY DOYLE



If all the world were a lover, then Mr. Robert (alias "Romeo") Coates was the stormy sweethearts provided by Providence to prove the rule.

Not that he's do his best to be The Perfect Lover. He did . . . but — at the very sight of him — the slopes of England became littered with sufficient vegetable matter and even-earlier hen-feathers to within a thriving shrim of greenkeepers.

Every bird, of course, has its measure of Montreal pink. Yet, beside Mr. Coates, they look like nonentities. Above them all, he was Pure Certified A-Grade Honey.

It appears that America must see

cept some share of responsibility for Mr. Coates. After all, it was on the West Indies island of Antigua that he was born in 1916 . . . where you of a plusher millionaire . . . whose two parents were mere diamonds and the frame.

And it was in Antigua that Mr. Coates first set foot upon the board. In 1936 the Antiguans formed a dramatic company. With them, Mr. Coates stepped into the glow of the limelight — which immediately paled before the sparkling brilliance of his innumerable pretensions.

As one historian has reported: "He —

caught at the band, mouthed by the shadow of the Colonel, Mr. Coates jolted his diamonds (and his crowd), seized his left arm in his hand, died, and conjugated . . . until he strangled Romeo" and ensconced himself in all manner. Mr. Coates presented himself as Romeo, clad in a spangled mask of sky-blue silk, crimson percale and a white hat trimmed with feathers, hat cloak, pocketbooks, as well as his red and blue-buckled, all studded with diamonds.

Antigua cheered in applause. Mr. Coates took the bit in his teeth. He set and to England . . . He was in his thirties when he descended upon a panting British world of bollards.

Mr. Coates headed in capitals that year as "Romeo" group absurd burlesque. He delivered his lesson of introduction, "Stripped of the richest fare (despite the hot and humid weather), seemingly sterilized by a halo of nonstop-chattering glee, for the light of diamonds was just off his being under the firm he was in his current cast" (handsomely unadorned with fringed head and diamond), and a very high state of art, about which was set a magnificently toro'd bolo (handkerchief) quenched with another diamond, his legs were encased in Hamlet boots, whose tops were decorated with large masses of diamonds."

To this he added a large coach, "shaped like a turtle-shell." Drawn by four snow-white horses, it was painted "a deep lake colour." On its doors it carried Mr. Coates' heraldic device — a master chess-piece, with outstretched wings and, over it, the motto "While I live I'll smile." To cap everything, the steps of this interesting carriage were also carved in the form of a crowning chess.

It is reported that Beau Brummell

took one long glance at coach and costume, uttered a dozen bottles of brandy, and retired to his bedroom for four days.

But Mr. Coates refused to be dismayed. He had come to England to win theatrical triumph . . . or to it can have been only a minor incident that he was not unsmoked on his opening night.

Somehow or other, Mr. Coates presented a learned producer (appropriately named Diamonds) to the house.

He selected "Romeo and Juliet" for his premiere. He also selected the garments which red-stained Antigua

The only explanation why the curtain was not rung down until Act V, is that British audiences also were stunned. But in Act V the piece broke. A thatched house was collapsing while Mr. Coates in the person of "Romeo" poised a crowbar to prise open "Juliet's" boudoir. He lunged. The overcoat, shouting from his hands plummeted earthwards. With an ingenuous yell, Mr. Coates was observed to be hopping, one-legged, across the stage as he managed feebly at an injured leg too. Only a rolling retreat into the wings saved him from being crushed to death under an avalanche of rotten套餐.

It was a debut which might well have quenched any later one. Yet to Mr. Coates within a few weeks, he was repeating his performance. This time things moved along of getting much more smoothly. Nothing daunted when a scene pest had been thrown when Mr. Coates reached the lines: "Oh, let me have, I want no further taste." Undaunted, he followed this pantomime plus by collapsing on hands and knees and commanding to crawl frenziedly around the stage. "Come off! Come off!" the prompter could be heard barking pitifully. "No" Mr. Coates was under-

THIEFES a woman who keeps bees in her bedroom. She says she does it for her health. And that 16-year-old Mrs. Evelyn Bassett, of Walsallton, Sussex, England. She been ring her 200 to 300 bees a year . . . but Mrs. Bassett doesn't mind at all. She believes the stings keep her free from rheumatism. She has 15 hives in her bedroom. At night, if she cannot sleep, she watches on the light and watches the bees.

bodyguard . . . a Baron de Gercourt, who bore the dolorous reputation of once having challenged an enemy to mortal combat on the top of Mount Etna, the fallen condottiere to find his death in the center of the volcano.

To distract attention, Mr. Coates took the pleasure of skipping his act. For the first night of the "Perfekt," he wore a cloak of the utmost richness . . . a sprig of silk he chased silver from his shoulders hung a month of pale silk fringed with balloons around his neck was a gorged richly set with pearls, at his side was a gold-filled pocket; on his feet were silver shoes, fastened with large diamond buckles."

Mr. Coates served as the aged for an audience of one—shattering tumult and a barrage of ripe eggs. Outraged and outraged, he reluctantly confessed defeat and omitted the last act. The Baron stumbled like Etna but failed to erupt.

Nevertheless, the only untidy result was that Mr. Coates was ripped his pants unbuttoned on to his rock-like during the next night, he was again featured in "The Perfect." Popular as it sounds, he was received in an almost holy silence. It may have been out of respect for His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who was among those present . . . or God knows, more likely in the attendance of Police Chief Lavender and his predecessor, who had been lousy by a nervous management—but the fact remains that Mr. Coates was even permitted to play the last act.

This was distinctly bad luck for Mr. Coates, who was now representing "a dark sojourn." In the final scene, while the audience watched "in death throes, a grecian-eyed matron" pied at his serpent and from his head and rolled, hisp-wise, to the back-drop. And—when the

lighted village rose to his脚
and a lone handkerchief on the
wings and clapping of his accent,
and it settled on the handkerchief
like a sleeping prostitute, to resume
its deathly way was unbeschreiblich.

In closing, spectators marveled on
the nature of the social spectacle,
and the highly-decorred corps escort
three vigorous times.

Which is where Mr. Coates' critics
decided to demonstrate that
he could be the Perfect Lover in fact
as well as fancy.

It was another Matinée lost. Mr. Coates picked out as the object of
affection a Miss Sybille Long
had secretly begun to woo her
when he learned that his bodyguard,
Rance, was within her, too. The
latter was returning daily about
the act, and Mr. Coates was gratified
in private when they both discovered
simultaneously that the Duke of
Clarence had indeed a prior claim.
Mr. Coates—and the Baron—had
simply reverted to "Rance."

Perhaps it would have been better
had they found the Duke himself
entitled earlier were now agreed
on, when Mr. Coates stopped over
there, he took, not only his own
act, but the lots of his fellow players
as well, into his hands. He was
armed with such precision that
when he entered soon in "Romeo and Juliet"—his leading lady caught one
flitting glimpse of him and shrieked,
shuddering hysterically, at the veracity
from which she could not be
shaken.

Moreover—according to the histories—"Mr. Coates was often considerably annoyed during the Tombola by shouts of 'Why don't you
it?'"

But the straw which was to break
Mr. Coates' back was deposited one
night when "Romeo" had just shown
"Juliet."

While Mr. Coates stared distractingly
at his victim, a burlesque rooster strutted
dreadfully into the stage, flapping
its wings cynically, and began
to crow.

Mr. Coates issued in the correspondingly
appressed towel. Abandoning all hope of ever being the Perfect
Lover, he determined to become
a staid married man. He wifed—when
he was just 40—18-year-old Miss
Marianne Anne Robinson.

They lived together for the next
twenty-five years until, on February
12, 1946, a queer-looking carriage,
drawn by a dirty-pussy horse, dashed
along Russell Street just as an old
audience ran from a theater. There
was "a high, agonized sound like the
crowing of a cock."

Mr. "Romeo" Coates had been run
over by a sharp-metatarsus of his
own coach. He died on the following
Sunday, aged 72.

The widow underlined her opinion
of him by marrying his best friend
in less than twelve months.



and to retort snidely: "I count
my diamond knee buckle first!"

The audience was so enthralled that
—except for one act—he was allowed
to finish the play unassailed . . .

Which proved to be a very serious
mistake. Mr. Coates commanded to
be killed for a third performance.

Strangely enough, nothing whatever
was thrown on the occasion. The sole spectators were several
young blonds who laughed themselves
so sick that they had to be carried
outside.

Incensed by this levity, Mr. Coates
glared at the society in the boxes and balconies: "Bucks, have at you all!" Whereupon the gallery promptly rose
in a body and—collectively and individually—challenged Mr. Coates to a
duel to wive out the result.

Mr. Coates thought it best to ignore
them. He was, however, a man who
could take a hint. He departed from
Romeo and became the villain in
"The Fair Perfekt" instead. More-
over, he equipped himself with a

the END of Arguments



Can a human being fly at 60 miles an hour?

No—but it can do almost anything else. Human beings can fly forward, backwards, or remain stationary in the air. The speed with which they do either way and stop, added to their great size and mass, of the observer, gives an impression of terrific speed, but it is impossible that a human being can reach as much as 60 miles an hour, even for a short distance.

What is the difference between "natural" and "scientific" travel?

"Natural" travel may be of different types and be more alike than people realize in the same family. Each is produced by a separate cell. "Mirrored" twins are produced by the splitting of a single egg cell (ovum) after fertilization. They are always of the same sex and blood group and have a close resemblance, both mental and physical.

Have we ever got cold of the Equator?

Sometimes. Temperatures remain about equal from month to month on the equator if you stay at sea level. Ocean Islands, on the Pacific, near the equator, have a mean temperature of 52 in January and about the same in July. Sea islands, exposed to trade winds, are not so hot as inland islands, such as in Africa and South America. But altitude may make all

the difference. Quite, in Ecuador, but about direct on the equator, but at 12,000 feet above the sea and has one of the most temperate climates in the world.

Are there any United States roads without a speed limit?

Several, mostly in the Middle West have no legal speed limit. The law merely demands that driving be "reasonable and proper." This permits highly experienced special drivers or racing drivers. Other roads, however, have set speed limits. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, for example, 70 miles an hour is legal top.

What is the distance from the earth to the sun?

By latest calculations made by Dr. Duke Brogger, director of Yale University Observatory, the mean distance to the sun is 93,000,000 miles, with a probable error of 30,000 miles either way. This compares favorably with the commonly used figure of 92,000,000 miles (with an uncertainty of 10,000 miles) announced some years ago by the Astronomer Royal of England, Sir Howard Trevor James. The United States estimate is based on 3,000 calculations during the years 1902 to 1942 for the exact time when the sun passed between the earth and a selected star. The British calculations are based on observations of the same planet, Mars.



Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers, look what they're doing in America now! Miami Beach has come up with a new one—they're staging super-charged Turkey Hunts there! That's these two modern Dames, by the way, are Sunny Yogan and Delores Wilson. Their costumes are supposed to be authentic Indian—but, well, we don't know about that—but the gobbles are certainly real. How did the girls manage it? Turn the page and see.



Here it is . . . but they had a choice of bows and arrows . . . but someone must have told them what happened when Thompson shot an arrow into the air, remember? . . . It fell to earth, he knew not where . . . and he probably got fined as a public nuisance. They're tender-hearted gits, too . . . so we missed out on the blood-shed.

But where there's a will, there's a way . . . these two moppets know all the answers . . . and all the tricks . . . they're using a nest and a nice, leisurely lunch . . . and we don't blame the turkeys for looking contented about it . . . after all, they're going to end up as guests of honor at a dinner-party . . . even if they don't eat.

the hangman chose



The wicked Lord Stourton wentward over everywhere, but Queen Mary took a poor view.

WALKER HEMET

ABOVE: a tomb in England's Salisbury Cathedral there once bore a silicon card. Today it has disappeared; but it is still remembered as one of the greatest epitaphs ever to be placed on a murderer's grave.

It was the rockabill which Charles, eighth Lord of Stourton—known to his disapproving contemporaries as "The Walker"—wore when he was buried without apology from this earth.

Lord Charles' family held great estates in Wiltshire—much of it forest.

There was the catch Forest country was a happy hunting ground for poachers—and the Stourtons had strong views about poaching.

There used of dealing with offenders was money—logged beams, foot-races and even比ng with an occasional flogging or a flogging out of eyes did little to deter them in their roughness. And—wretchedly

enough—it seems to have done even less to deter poachers—especially a family named Hartill, to whom poaching was a duty as well as a pleasure.

Charles inherited the title, and the curse between the two clans.

He was soon given an excuse to act. Apparently, the Hartills were breakers. They staged a full-scale, daylight raid ("With horns and doot") over Lord Charles' property.

Lord Charles and his men-at-arms galloped for the Hartills' village.

But the Hartills had been warned. Sure enough, they took refuge in the parish church. Unable to break up on holy ground, the fuming Lord Charles halted outside.

They were still waiting when Stourton's foot-soldiers led the Hartills' favorite hounds into the churchyard and shot at through the head with a crossbow bolt. Borlach Somer, who was watching from a window, had to be dragged to his master. One of his sons—John—was wounded.

John sped off to seek Royal protection. He petitioned justice in London where Queen Mary was holding court. The Queen sent the High Sheriff of Somerset marching to find out the facts.

The Sheriff found that Lord Charles' explanations were sadly unconvincing. He briskly judged the pretentious noblemen in the Fleet Prison. The Hartills cheerfully renounced hounds. Lord Charles buried a jester and also returned hounds.

The episode seems to have sobered him temporarily. For the next one or two years he was on his best behavior.

Then the Hartills tried once more. They petitioned the Queen about Lord Charles' alleged encroaching activities. Displaying no reluctance which is not very far from wishfulness, the Hartills made for

Stourton Castle. They were ambushed on the road, young John Hartill being left for dead.

It was plain law-enforcement. The incensed Queen again popped Lord Charles into the Fleet. Somewhat reluctantly, however, she released him on his promise to honor his curse immediately.

The Hartills were not as triumphant. On the day the manor was to be delivered, Stourton appeared with a small army. For a second time, the older Hartills took refuge in the church tower. Lord Charles hopped them to descend. The Hartills reluctantly complied.

A noose was placed in the churchyard. On it, Lord Charles stood a minute. "Take your money!" he growled. William Hartill picked up the purse. "So you are paid," snarled Lord Charles, grasping him by the scruff of the neck. "And arrested!"

As he spoke, his men lashed the Hartills onto the church bier. There, the helpless farmers were dragged naked. Hartill Somer and his oldest son were dragged down the steps. They were condemned to be flogged until the flesh had been carved from their bones.

As the excoriated bodies were being buried, the Hartill son groaned. His throat was slit and he was tapped with his father's cane stick.

The office was too enormous even for Lord Charles' hardened fellow peers. With four of his men, he was sentenced to death.

The four men hanged from the gallows at Tyburn. But vulgar hangings were too rough for Lord Charles' aristocratic neck. He was decapitated by a silicon card.

Because of his noble blood, they buried him in Salisbury Cathedral. Because of his crimes, they hung the silicon card above his tomb. The date was March 4, 1551.

Crime Capsules



WARM WELCOME—Mr. Alexander Wozniak, a 57-year-old daguerreotypist, is puzzled about the American way of life. Just disbarred in New York, he found himself confined in the judiciary. Sherry said a heavyset man in a dark suit, stopping over to see him, Mr. Wozniak said politely, "Hello, my friend." The man turned, pulled out a pistol, weakly shot Mr. Wozniak, and disappeared. Mr. Wozniak is now in hospital, suffering from a mysterious wound in the neck and a headache that cannot entirely be relieved.

TOO EAGER BEAVER—Carrying out a service station and robbery appearing to have him, James McEwan, of Detroit, became arrested. Leaping from his car, he started into the service station office. There, two beauties—who had just taken 100 dollars from the proprietor of gas-pump—took the contents of Mr. McEwan's wallet, too.

MOTTLED COPY—In the United States, copies of autographs seem to be almost as plentiful as counterfeiting dollar bills. A certain Robert Simon, having collected a tidy sum writing fake signatures of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, produced a specimen of the presidentship of the celebrated Confederate's General Stonewall Jackson.

Letters, Simon said, written to the General's daughter, Mary. Only

after Simon had sold hundreds of these letters did collectors bother to remember that "Stonewall" Jackson never had a daughter.

PRIVATE LIVES—Chattanooga (Tenn.) police got a call to go to a citizen's house where domestic trouble was mysteriously racing. They promptly booked the husband on a charge of disorderly conduct. In court, the husband told his story. "My wife and I were arguing," he said, "and I was afraid I was going to have trouble with her." "Ah," said the judge understandingly, "and a poor wife here to prove the claim?" "No, sir, not her," the disengaged husband confessed. "You see, I was the one who phoned the police to come and get us."

RULES OF THE ROAD—In Northampton (Mass.), Robert Ross parked his car outside a police station while he went inside to buy tokens for a policeman's bell. Coming out of the station, he found a parking ticket in his car. On the other hand, in Philadelphia (Pa.), William Larson's car stalled. A sympathetic stranger helpfully stopped and offered to push. No result. The stranger then suggested that he take the wheel, while Mr. Larson pushed. Mr. Larson pushed; the engine started; so did the summer with the car... learned the stranded Mr. Larson, marred as the pretender.



Beauty and the

If a girl isn't afraid to chance in a cage of *Beasts*—what would you expect to happen when she faced up to a master?

HENRY CAXTON • FICTION



THIS tall dark man with an umbrella in one hand and a microphone in the other stood in the rain outside the striped tent. A grabble of French, mangled and distorted, surged from the loudspeaker above his head. Behind him, a very blonde blonde sat.

"Beauty and the Beast," read the painted men outside the booth . . . or rather, "La Beast et les Belles."

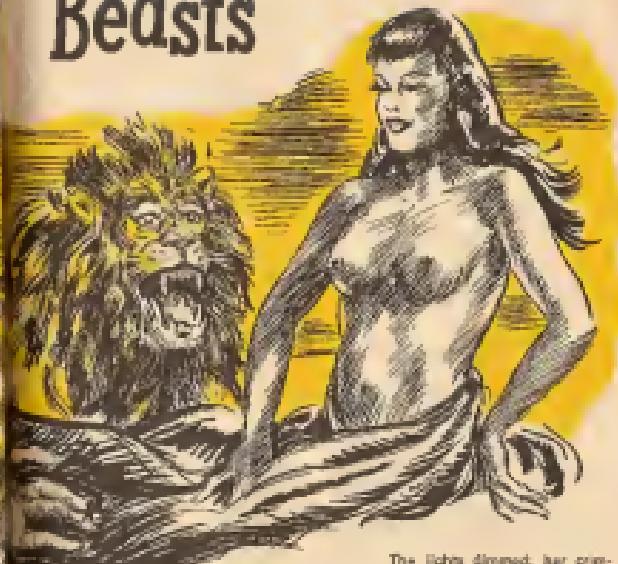
I paid five francs and pushed

through the open flap into the tent.

The only light came from a stage against the curtain. The stage had been turned into a stage with footlights. The bars at the back were hidden by a back-drop draped with white curtains against a dark blue background. Two doors led into the stage. Four solid wooden columns stood on the floor.

A tiny further of transpar-

Beasts



The lights dimmed; her crimson cloak slid to the ground.

andency, the left-hand door opened and four thin legs stalked on to the stage. They stood watching.

The back-drop dropped. Through the door to the right appeared the tall dark man. He now wore a shiny top hat, a black moustache, a tail coat, riding breeches and leather boots. Dressed in a tall crimson cloak, tight at the neck and reaching to his ankles. His feet were bare.

He cracked his whip, but they climbed on to the raised platform.

Once more the door opened. I saw a young girl, with skin like polished ebony and heavy black-black hair which seemed to grow over her shoulders like molten metal. She was dressed in a tall crimson cloak, tight at the neck and reaching to her ankles. Her feet were bare.

SHAGGY DOGS ALSO HAVE THEIR LIMITATIONS

I taught my hound to read
and write.

I thought that he'd do
well.

But all he has produced so far
is simply doggerel.

—LADON

For a moment she poised against the back-drop, her face completely expressionless. Then she began to nod so that her massive, thick brow rose in a wide circle about her, exposing her slender, naked legs.

Gradually, the fringe of her short, thickening hair rose. The hair grew, swelled, puffed from the pores, knocking the whip from the tall man's hand. The man fired his pistol.

It was a blank, of course—and, I suppose, part of the act—but the act did not stop dancing. She didn't even a step. The legs returned reluctantly to its path. The tall man retrieved his whip.

The curtain changed. The lights dimmed; the girl seemed to hesitate; then halted. The curtains closed and to the ground. But for a flicked flip-flop, she was gone.

Her smooth skin shone with the reflected lights. Her breasts were perfect hemispheres. She had that tiny waist which all artists look for, but thicker still, in their models.

While the audience sat in dead

silence, she slowly prostrated herself before the largest lion. Then, with a little screech and gurgle, her cloth slipped over her and vanished through the back-drop. The lions were herded from the cage, the cage vanished.

I walked home. Pierre, a young French artist whose studio I should passified me until I told him of my experience.

"It must be wonderful," he said, "to possess the true romantic imagination. You should have been born in another age. In the meantime, you will take a nap and go to bed. I will construct you a love-poem of my own invention . . . rum, rumination and a touch of chianti . . . for I fear you are delirious."

The next night was fine and there was a much louder quaver outside the stately hotel.

I hadn't been able to prevent Pierre from coming with me. The taxi-fare sounded, the lions leaped in their troughs on their heads. He layed impotently on the back-shelf. I gripped Pierre's arm. The door swayed slowly open. A girl was standing there. I gasped.

It was the girl from the cushion, her hair brikey and her powdered cheeks blotted and tweedy above the crimson cloth. "I guess she is truly magnificent," Pierre whispered. "I have always loved her, pink legs covered with black hair, but . . ."

I left the taxi. Pierre made no attempt to follow me. Hunkering under some ropes, I snatched the breath. An old man was hunkered against the curtain. The lion tower was mounted near it. I was about to speak when Pierre unexpectedly interrupted me.

"Monsieur," Pierre was saying, "I wish to pay my respects to Madame . . . I am an artist, sir, and I wish to make sketches of the performance."

"What?" snorted hard at Pierre, he snorted furiously. "I think that

should be arranged," he snarled, "I will pay five francs a performance." Pierre offered generously. "But my friend has told me that Madame has an understudy who sometimes takes her place. Can you tell me when she appears, for I desire only Madame."

The tall man frowned. "Ah, you see the dark one last night?" he inquired, smiling to me. "You want to look? It was her only performance."

"Oh, no," I protested. "Leave you or address? I would willingly pay."

Pierre tut-tutted, but the tall man merely looked disengaged.

"I do not know, either," he continued regretfully. "She paid me 500 francs to dance with my horns . . . to see how they would fit into her suit or some stupidity, she said."

"Pish!" Pierre deplored. "If she went she went somewhere." I told them both.

It took me three weeks to find her. At first I randomly roamed the streets. But at last, I had an inspiration. That Oriental dance of lions was not impromptu . . . perhaps madame had taught her . . . if I saw the teacher?

I had almost given up hope when I arrived at a saloon in Montmartre. There a girl danced what was originally described as "a Between Temple Dancer" . . . it has some slight resemblance to the girl-on-the-table's act. From the cabaret audience I learned the name of her teacher, an Indian who claimed to be an expert on the Orient. It cost me another 500 francs (which I borrowed from Pierre) to prance her name out of him.

It was Louise Montmartre, I discovered quite a lot about her. Her father was Henri Montmartre, a wealthy architect. She was his only daughter. She was 18 . . . and stage struck.

Pierre snorted on hearing about

when I went to the house.

"Leave this to me," he advised firmly. "French diplomacy is required here."

Montmartre Pierre was a scholarly old gentleman with a small mustache beard.

"Forgive our impudence," Pierre explained, "but we are students of architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. We have noticed your house as a fine example of early 18th Century. We seek permission to see your it."

Montmartre Pierre seemed only too ready to accept our credentials.

"I will call my daughter," he said.

He pressed a bell and, soon afterwards, someone entered the room. My heart did a brief one-two-three. It was the girl . . . and yet it wasn't her.

She was dressed in a simple frock; her hair was gathered in a tight bun at the base of her neck; only her breasts were bare under her blouse.

Pierre was vastly entranced. The girl led us off to view the house. I cannot describe the place, for I never saw it. I wouldn't take my eyes off the girl.

We reached the top floor. The girl brought us to the private rooms . . . for a long time now, she said simply. She clicked the latch of a door and stepped inside. I was close behind her. With an hysterical scream, she collapsed into my arms. Pierre rushed downstairs for her father. I carried her to her room. She opened her eyes. They were deep blue, the colour of the sky at midnight. "The sorry," she quavered. "It was a mouse."

I recited from a strong suspicion that I was going mad. "But . . . but . . ." I gulped, "don't have have the same effect?"

The beautiful eyes gazed deeply into mine. "Lions," she whispered derisively. "Lions are different . . . mice are not part of my self."

WATCH for this man



NOEL TENNANT • FICTION



Reg Gaffney

STEPHENSON now by the morning paper they had started to call it the "Hippie Killer Case."

It was bound to happen. They certainly had a string of unsolved murders on their hands. Still these women were quietly strangled, not killed in the Hippie killing. And the murder area wasn't confined to one district.

Stephenson stood up. He was want-

ing home. That proved he was at a dead-end. — if he hadn't already reached it.

A list of neatly typed facts was before him. He tried to make something of them again, going over the names of the victims. The dates and locations of the crimes. Notes on any similarity between the three. That was the usual starting point. He inserted. The only thing the women

had in common was being alone on an empty street at midnight. Around midnight. Always. Maybe there was some significance there.

The door opened. Stephenson nodded to Mills, asking her whether he'd learned anything from the boy he had followed that morning.

"Not much as far as the others," Mills told her abruptly. It was the answer Stephenson expected. Had

some to expect after the first murder. There was a kind of excitement about it, as though it had been planned carefully, carried through without hitch or disturbance.

"It doesn't make sense," Mills said. "A house. A studio. A residence. Nothing definite missing. No connection at all."

Stephenson nodded. "We probably have the motive in the fact that the

There were women being quietly strangled—just now could anyone the murderer seem to care distinctly.

Dramatic skills exhibited from blind persons number about half a dozen in the United States. To move about as naturally as action with ordinary sight, the blind persons walk on narrow strips of carpet to guide themselves, under the carpet a thin rod may be placed to mark a location—for instance, several inches in front of a chair, so that the user may turn and sit down without moving. When pouring a cup of tea, the human clicks the spoon to tell the equipment where to reach for the teacup. If the show calls for action, such as running, a player who can see is included.

whole business is without reason. The results of everything twisted, gone wrong in a mind. Our job is to find the culprit, which we have. Be on the ready every night."

Mills didn't comment. It sounded almost the way Stephenson put it. They hadn't been on a case together before. He hadn't wanted a new. Not that he had anything against Stephenson. There was simply an incompatibility between them and rising from it understanding of one another's work. But the Inspector was right in what he said. They couldn't sort out the irrational factors until they had their men. If they got him.

During the last weeks every clue had been followed. No matter if they ran from the beginning it would lead nowhere. They couldn't afford to have anything unchecked. They went through the histories of the women and their acquaintances, coming, too, with the checked families who couldn't understand the chance however. Mills said it was just as well they didn't give all their time to the case. Nothing else starting happened.

Next morning the body of a man was found over the wharves. "The Roger business has got to be a Mi-

ller job for me," Stephenson commented to Mills. "You'd better take over this last lead."

He knew it was the last that Mills wanted, still it had to be done. It was part of the day's work. Just what Mills expected to have.

Mills left the department, resenting the corss for the opportunity it had given Stephenson to be rid of him.

Mills didn't stay long at the scene of the crime. The victim had died from a fractured skull. Hit violently from behind. He had been a private inquiry agent. No wonder anybody found knocked off in that locality, Mills decided.

The man's office was the usual headquarters of a second-rate investigator. Mainly they lived on divorce cases and William Robert Clyde had been no exception. Mills searched the desk, found mostly fine Youngster babies who wished to have their husbands or wives tracked.

He struggled and closed the door on all of that. From then the case would be routine, he thought, as most of these were Ordinary and partitioning routines which left him physically and mentally tired. It prompted him to think the real tests for the department

were handled by men like Stephenson. Sureer man. Forget it.

His check showed Clyde had been on a job for a client. Nobody could give a reason why he should be killed, but the general details were clear enough.

Mills knew he had to get a lineage of the district's book specialists. Go over their named sites and start tracing any of the dead man's relatives. He set things off in that direction before he left it for the night. On the way out he stopped at Stephenson's office. He'd run him all day and he wasn't there now.

Mills didn't sleep much. He found himself wondering, thinking about the bigger crime. French, perhaps. Any homework should have been concerned with his own assignment.

Let Stephenson have all the handshakes if he wanted the case to himself. Mills tried to concentrate on Clyde. He shook his head. He had no sympathy for victims who were treated alike to be killed. When he returned to the department he examined the possible suspects, discarding them for the time being.

The trouble was none of these men would stop at assault and robbery if he saw his chance. And all their mouths were shut, most likely without knowing themselves who was responsible.

Mills told himself to narrow the field somehow. On the strength of that he went back to the inquiry agent's office. He had no idea what he expected to find in the place.

A phone rang. There was a woman on the other end. An excited, pleased woman who wanted to talk to Mr. Clyde at once. Mills said he believed Clyde wouldn't be there again.

"Oh, it wasn't really important," she told him. "He was working on a—well, a little matter for me—and I

wanted to let him know everything has turned out all right. You! My husband explained it all to me."

Before she hung up, Mills took her name. There was no need to question her unless something came to light for him, of course. And nothing did, but the next afternoon he drove out to see her. Mrs. Herwyn. She was an ordinary, suburban housewife, not far from middleaged. Large and commanding, but taken aback when Mills explained his business.

"I don't understand. I only saw Clyde once. I asked him to see what they were up to. My husband and that hussy who was trying to get him away from me. He used to expect results."

Mrs. Herwyn panted. "Anyhow, I don't want my husband brought into it. He has said he's sorry and stopped leaving me alone so much."

Mills deferred that she had contacted Clyde because her husband was neglecting her, going out night. At first she thought there was another woman. Then she knew it. "I found things in his dresser. Odds and ends she had given him. Like pictures of himself."

Mrs. Herwyn snorted. With satisfaction. "I put a dash to that. I know now it was only a fling. It isn't anybody's affair but mine. I'd like you to go before Thomas gets home. I don't know what he could say if he knew why you're here."

Mills got up to leave, but he wasn't out the door when Herwyn returned from the city. For the first time Mills had met a man who fitted his name perfectly. The woman said Mills was selling insurance, took charge of the situation and also the thin, redheaded man's husband. No wonder he had been looking for sympathy outside.

He was small and colorless . . . with a thin, yellow nose, beaked like a

reacher's . . . and a favorite . . . almost ~~shy~~ . . . manner of walking as if all space had been blighted out of him.

Mills noticed that he never met his wife's glance . . . and the suspicion descended on him that Harways was the kind of man who never looked straight into anybody's eyes.

Still, Mills told himself, what did that matter? There were hundreds of men who consistently avoided the gaze of others. And it didn't mean that those men were guilty of anything . . . it merely meant that they were shy or self-conscious or bedeviled by some overgrown, inflexibly complex,

Yes, that was it. Mills allowed himself. If ever a man looked hem-pecked, Harways did.

And he was just the type of insignificant little worm whom a sentimental woman like Mrs. Harways could howl-beat until, out of pure self-defense tried perhaps to preserve

the last vestiges of his feeble courage, he would pick up some little ebony who, at least, didn't mag-

Mills wrote them off. Back at his department room he sat down, lit a cigarette. Nothing else he could do until to-morrow when he would have to make a real start.

He pulled his papers together on the desk, sorted out the statements. He was still there after midnight when Stephenson pushed the door open, and strode in heavily, out on

"They've found another bigger body," he said bluntly. "We're on our way if you want to be in on it."

He turned away and Mills didn't stop to think. He seemed to be in the middle of the investigation immediately. The own motions could wait.

"We're on back for now, Mills. We have got a hot trail. It's only just happened," Stephenson said.

The car started and there was still

nothing to say. Cossid's talk about the woman, Mills kept thinking they had a chance at last. Any one had been useless by the time they arrived before, but now even the body would be warm. Perhaps the man himself wouldn't have left the vicinity. Invariably Mills leaned forward as though they were passing the room they had watched for during those months.

Soon there was only a continuous creep around the dead woman. She was almost a girl. Strangled. If there could be some consolation, it was the fact the thing must have been over in a few minutes. Probably snuffed out a doorway by the murderer who intended to make fastidious. It was killing for the sake of killing . . . and Mills suddenly wanted to be sick.

Stephenson stood by the body. After a while he looked along the pavement. He lowered, asked whether they saw a shoe anywhere.

"No," the constable said. "I noticed

it was missing, but it's not here,"

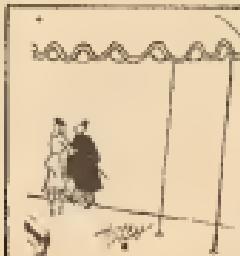
The Inspector nodded. "It couldn't have happened beyond half an hour ago. Any reason to suppose he was disturbed?"

"I didn't see anybody leave. Still, I came across in the first place because I heard voices. Like a scuffle."

"Maybe he took the show," Stephenson said, more to himself. "Had to go as a lousy dog took it since it was the easiest thing for him to take."

Mills was about to say there would be no excuse to take such an article. Not valuable or interesting. It was hardly a clue. He checked himself. They weren't dealing with a case calling for ordinary logic. Could be the man had to have something before he left the scene. Mills had heard of it. And it was what Stephenson was thinking.

He moved aside as the Inspector got to his feet, the old frustrated expression on his face already. The crime was a repeat of the others as ever



DEAD-HEAT

Her steps moved faster and faster.

As she patterred down the stairs;

Her quick-heels met the echoes
Ringing swift and fleet;

She swept into a doorway
As if records were to be won;

She was wearing nylon stockings

And they had begun to run.

—JAY-JAY

subjects. So much the more that he felt from the beginning they were honest. He gave instructions for the district to be searched. All suspicious persons were to be brought in. Their family responsibilities. They stayed until the doctor arrived, then went on to the department.

"It seems startling from outside again," Stephenson said when they were in the office. "Going over our usual around. She's bound to be no different to the rest."

Mills agreed in silence. It was as if the killer had stopped from nothingness, taken the job and stopped back into nothingness. No trace at all. Mills remained with Stephenson while he kept an watch with the parish covering the area. They smoked cigarettes and waited, waiting to be out there making sure for themselves.

The difference between the man had somehow fallen away. With surprise Mills realized that he no longer thought he could catch the bigger one alone; even understood Stephenson's approach to his work.

He had a job to do and it came before everything else. Death had made them somehow alike. It was a bitter one, this last business.

Stephenson finally went up the shadowy blinds after what could have been days of suspense. The street below was emerging through the shadows of dawn. Cold as their shadows. No news had come and it was already too late for them. They both knew it. Once more there was nothing to say.

Mills bought a bottle of milk on the way from the department. He tried to remember the last early morning he had walked to his lodgings. Think of anything except the headlines on the papers a truck was honking on the corner.

He went up the stairs slowly. No need to hurry. He wanted a good sleep, yet that was hardly important. There wasn't much important at the moment. Soon as he'd had a few hours break he would be all right, ready for the knock of a funds-mongering. Yes. He undressed and was getting into bed when the phone rang. He lifted the receiver, and young number straight away. He didn't recognise the woman's voice in his ear.

"It's me. Mrs. Hanway," she said. "You've got to help me. I want you to put me in contact with a reliable agent. You must know some. I'd like to watch my husband again."

Mills edged in, told her to step a minute. He couldn't do it. There were plenty of names in the telephone book to accommodate her. Besides, she had seemed pleased enough with Mr. Hanway yesterday.

"That's right," she said, "but he went back on me. He's been seeing the woman. Out with her, hold on you like. I know it. It's really over the fence. Wif, last night he brought home her shoes."



"No, I can't lend you a hot water bottle, but are you a student of logic?"

WHAT A 'TYPE'

TYPED BY THAT TYPE, HAYLES

Has it ever occurred to you, dear reader, that our authors and columnists are inclined to over-indulge in broad characterization? For instance:

Did you ever, in real life, meet such a cold-hearted, brutal character as Simon Legree? Well, I have. Haven't I, now?



Then there is the lovable yokel, a simple, friendly son of the soil. Well! Who else would have parted with those gold bracelets at such a ridiculous price?



You have all need of the highly excitable, highly nimble, continental type—well, I've met him, too . . . his name is McTavish, and he was born in Petty Port



Of course there is the softhearted, sentimental culture, so beloved of authors of the leftish ilk . . . He's an old acquaintance



And these modern heroines, fondoring, exotically beautiful, exceedingly unpredictable—the type next door . . . with her six feet three commands-instructor hubby



Finally, the hero Monosome, gallant, definitely a dandy-living type. Well! Have I seen him? Of course . . . it's just that I'm not feeling so good today

Hayles

STRANGER and Stranger



ELECTRIC EYES—Plans of super sonic airplanes will need electric eyes to avert collisions in midair. With flying speeds greater than the speed of sound already an accomplished fact, engineers predict speeds of 1,000 miles an hour before long. Then, if two aircraft came out of the clouds—1,000 feet apart and approaching each other—they would collide before either pilot could do anything about it. However, at 1,000 miles an hour, a pilot travels about a mile every two seconds; it takes four-tenths of a second for the eyes of an incoming plane to be raised to the brain during which time his plane has travelled one-fifth of a mile, another second elapses before the pilot can recognize what he has seen (while his plane travels another 240 feet), thus a crash is inevitable. Super sonic planes are being fitted with electronic devices which can react faster than man.

DEPT DRYER—In the United States, a new automatic electric dish-washer can wash and dry up to 100 pieces of china, glassware, and cutlery in less than 10 minutes. The machine rinses the dishes, removing all loose food particles; washes the dishes to make washing residue; washes them, and then dries them with a heated electric element. Households may be a sorry lot, but they seem to have some shade of hope ahead of them.

WOOD RECLAIMERS—Melamine made from wood is being produced at the rate of 200,000 gallons a year by the United States Forest Products Laboratory in Wisconsin. The "reclaimers" is made from wood waste, during forestry and sawmilling operations and from trees removed to improve forestry growth. It is used to feed livestock.

HOME COMFORTS—Floors that never need waxing and furniture that doesn't require polishing are now a reality. The hardest, toughest, shiny finish—waterproof, fireproof, antiseptic—is ready for home use. The finish can be brushed or sprayed, drying taken a few hours. The substance used is one hundred per cent plastic resin.

HOT SOCKS—In Perlbad (U.S.), radioactive silk has been produced from "hot" silkworms, but there is no demand for it. "Women would have to be equipped with iron legs to wear stockings made of it," declare Professor F. Hengst, botanist of Heidelberg University. Reed biology students obtained the "excess" silk by injecting sulfuric acid containing radioactive carbon into silkworms. The resulting silk isn't the George exterior fashion, but looks just like ordinary raw silk. There is no visible radiation, so it seems as though a girl's legs will have to continue advertising themselves.





HEP TO THE HOUSEWORK

There's a New Look in the kitchen . . . and in the rest of the house, for that matter, as it seems . . . Housework a drudgery? . . . Bosh! . . . It's pleasure and profit combined. Look at this mopper cleaning up cobwebs . . . you lucky spiders.



Or hanging curtains . . . no more stepping on step-ladders or trifling with socks . . . even if she doesn't mind this foot-loose night away, it's both your duty and your delight to encourage her . . . Among other things, it strengthens and stretches the leg-muscles and . . . oh, well!



And then there's that business of making the bed . . . no more burbling at blankets and rumbling at mattresses . . . just give her a helping hand, you great nut, you! . . . help her try on antiseptics while she's sweating the sheets . . . what could be smoother than that, eh?

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pointers to

BETTER HEALTH

NEW T.B. DRUG.—A new type of streptomycin (the antibiotic that checks certain types of tuberculosis) has been isolated. The new antibiotic is named "hydromycin-streptomycin." It was isolated from a new type of mould found in Japan. It is hoped that the new type will be free from some of the defects of streptomycin and yet retain the virtues of the drug.

BRAIN TUMORS.—Dr. John Martuza of Northwestern University (U.S.), has developed a method of locating brain tumors in about 60 per cent of 200 patients. He uses a radioactive tracer dye and a Geiger counter. The radioactive dye ("Iodine-131") is injected into the patient's bloodstream. The dye concentrates only in the tumor tissue. Attached to the patient's head is the Geiger counter shaped somewhat like a skull cap and fitted with a counter that can be moved in 22 different positions. A recorder fixed to the counter indicates the presence or absence of a brain tumor.

ANTI-ATOM GLASSES.—New glasses that prevent atomic ray damage have been achieved. For protection against X-ray and neutron radiation from atom bombs, and even atom bombs, the new materials were developed by Dr. Alexander Silversman, University of Pittsburgh (U.S.). People possibly might use such glasses if an atomic bomb is

expected, but they would also be useful for miners, workers around cyclotrons and other atom reactors. The glass contains calcium boronate mixed with boron.

DIABETES.—Good results with new hormone treatment for children with diabetes have been reported by Drs. R. Rausch and C. de Melis, of Valencia, Spain. The doctors report that the children needed less insulin when given the hormone. They recovered from dehydration, acidosis and night fits (feet fit) of diabetes. Their tolerance of glucose and sugar became more stable. Object of the new hormone treatment is to suppress the part of the pituitary gland which produces a hormone formerly called diabetes-producing. This hormone is now recognized as ACTH, the antidiabetic hormone. Further reports are awaited of the Spanish doctors' discovery.

NOISE.—Noises to-day are louder and more penetrating than at any previous time in history. Also man to-day is a more complex, more highly strung individual than at any previous time. While nature protects the delicate nervous mechanism of the eye by enabling us to close our eyes against injury, the delicate mechanism of the ear has no protection. Many of us who wish to read or rest should use ear plugs.

CAVIAKADE, March, 1951 55

the invisible burglar

JAMES WOLLEGE



Murder had been done, but how did the criminal manage to enter or to leave the house without a trace?

LOGAN is a cool, quiet, middle-class suburb of Philadelphia, with which it is connected by railroad. Outside the station, at 4:30 a.m. on the morning of November 28, 1931, three tax drivers were standing beside their cabs.

"Help!" they heard someone shout. "A burglar has shot my husband!" The drivers ran down the street. A woman was running towards them.

She was young and blonde, with an armrest over her shoulders which she was trying to hold around her nightgown.

"What's the matter, lady?"

"Call the police," she repeated. "My husband has been murdered. Tell them it's 211 North Park Avenue."

While one man rushed back to the railway station to make the call, the

other two hustled the agitated woman along the street to her house.

All around windows were being thrown open, and people in dressing gowns were coming down their garden paths to find out what the commotion was about.

"It's that little Mrs. Clara Prophet," the tax drivers were informed. "She says her husband has been murdered. Yes, that's right, the Prophet's over at 211."

Policeman Harry Weller was the first police arrived. Pushing his way through the crowd, he found Mrs. Prophet and the two tax drivers on the front porch, before the door of what was evidently the main bedroom.

Unable to control her grief, Mrs. Prophet began to cry.

"My husband," she crooned, "is whisper. 'They've been shot'."

She pointed to the room and Weller entered. On the floor was a prostrated figure, badly battered about the head and face and with a bullet wound in his chest.

Weller bent over him for a moment, then suddenly straightened.

"The police is still hunting," he declared matter-of-factly. "She's a decent girlie. We might save 'em."

The two men ran downstairs, while Weller tried to get some details.

"Oh, it was horrible," she sobbed. "We were asleep. A sudden noise woke me up. I saw Bill jump out of bed at a man who was in the room. He must have been a burglar. They fought and Bill got on the bed. He kept hitting Bill with a gun. Then they rolled off the floor."

"Suddenly I seemed to come to life. I screamed and ran out for help. Then I heard a shot as I came back. My husband was lying on the floor just as it is now, with blood all over him. The burglar went out the window. I think I was screaming for

help. No one came, so I put on a coat and ran down the street till I met the taxi drivers."

From one of the other rooms there sounded voices and arguing. Mrs. Prophet told Weller it was her children. He let her go in to quiet them.

The doctor arrived about the same time as several officers from the Central Detective Bureau who were to take charge of the investigation. But he was too late to do anything for the battered figure beside the bed. William Prophet was dead.

The weeping Mrs. Prophet then described the murderer in a short, dark man in a long coat. He was a total stranger, she said.

Connally and his men started a systematic search. Clara Prophet's story was full of contradictions.

Every door and window on the ground floor was carefully looked from the inside. Now then, they asked themselves, had the burglar entered.

That was not all. Mrs. Prophet had said that the man had left by jumping from the bedroom window. Connally looked out this window at the lawn. It had taken. It was entirely covered with a thick layer of fertilizer. There was not a footprint to be seen anywhere on it.

Despite her strenuous objections, it was decided to detain Mrs. Prophet.

Back at headquarters, Mrs. Prophet's brother, Harold Williams, vainly tried to comfort her.

When Connally arrived, the officer who was guarding Mrs. Prophet drove him to one side. He said that he had overheard Harold Williams whisper to his sister, "Do you think everything will be all right?"

The Inspector smiled grimly.

When Mrs. Prophet was brought into his office, Connally told her that her story did not make sense.

"Mrs. Prophet," he said, "there is

no evidence of the house to support what you say. Wherever he was, this brawler left no signs of other getting in or getting out of the place.

"The only explanation is that—unless he had a key—someone must have let him in. They certainly must have let him out again, because all doors and windows on the ground floor are locked down the inside."

"That's just silly," said Mrs. Prophet. "I was so upset I didn't know what I was saying back at the house. I may have been mistaken about him getting out by the window. I don't know how he got in."

Connelly shrugged his shoulders. "All right, Mrs. Prophet. I'm placing you under arrest on suspicion."

If the Inspector had not been hoping this would make the woman break, he was disappointed.

"What's the difference?" she asked him blandly.

Connelly's tramp card was Mrs. Prophet's children. He had no time in questioning them. At once the woman's pitifully weak story collapsed.

Unconsciousness the children created the truth. They told the detective that their mother had come into their room when they had become frightened at the sound of a fight in their parents' room. She told them it was nothing and the gun shot was merely a car backfiring in the street.

Mrs. Prophet still obstinately refused to tell the truth.

Connelly decided on an old trick.

"What would you say if I told you your brother had already condemned to shooting your husband?" he queried.

It worked.

"The fool!" she shouted. "He wouldn't have been in it if he had only told his superiors."

The expressions on the faces around

her must have revealed that she had tricked herself.

Shortly afterwards she made a statement.

"I hated Bill," she said. "He always brought me unhappiness. Even our little kitten was afraid of him. The children used to run from the room. In eight years he took up exactly once in the morning—and then it was on a free pass."

Chief of Detectives, Inspector William J. Connelly, had decided to handle the case personally.

Mrs. Prophet was asked to tell her story once more. She repeated what she had told the constable.

So her story went on. She decided to kill her husband. On the premise of a shot in the insurance, her brother agreed to commit the murder.

She gave him her key and, on the night selected, lay awake beside her husband until the new Harold bawled over him proposed to choke the life out of him. But Bill Prophet had awakened. Harold eventually had to shoot him.

Her brother had rushed downstairs and out of the house. She had locked the back door again, but in the excitement forgot to open one of the windows as had been arranged.

When the police arrived she remembered her mistake, so she and the constable had jumped out of the backdoor window. How she knew, she wailed, that he should have made footprints on the lawn?

Connelly went out of the room to see Harold Williams.

"Mrs. Prophet has confessed," the detective told him.

"I don't believe it," her brother answered.

"Perhaps you'd better come in and see her," Connelly suggested.

Not knowing just how far he was implicated, Williams entered Connelly's office.

"Sir? Sir?" Harold stammered. "You haven't—?"

"You, I've told them everything," "You found," her brother answered. "Don't you realize I'll burn?"

Mrs. Prophet tried to comfort him. Waving him off, he refused to speak to her. He agreed to make a statement.

"You, I'll sign anything," he said. "There's no use in keeping it now. Then I'll take you out and show you where I hid the gun. That's about

all you need to burn me good."

Harold Williams predicted his fate correctly. A jury took only ten minutes to find him guilty. He went to the electric chair with nothing against the sister who had doped and betrayed him.

Chief Inspector Connelly was also found guilty of murder, but his sentence was only life imprisonment. Right to the end, his brother bitterly complained about what he called "the injustice" of their respective punishments.

COMPANY



Sheriff BILL Tilghman was quiet in manner and in voice; but he was the greatest lawman of them all.

J. W. READING



HIS GUN SPOKE Gently

SHERIFF BILL TILGHMAN stalked into the small bunkhouse. He was leading the Dooin gang. He was no more across the threshold than he knew he'd found them.

There were dark figures well back in the bunks, the dimlight gleamed on steel barrels, polished by use. They had the drop on him.

He walked to the fire and warmed his hands at it.

The ring-necked leaned against the mantelpiece, his face black.

"Lookin' fr somebody?" he asked.

"You lost my way," said Bill, all the time wondering if a dozen of lead was about to be poured into his back. "I was useless!" Crockett's

reach. I thought this was it."

"About ten rods further on."

"Thanks," said Bill.

He turned and walked carefully down the path of death. He had learned in Bill Dooin leaving the Western cities to not shoot a man in the back. Dooin was a bad man, an outlaw on the run, but he had too much pride to have it said about him that he had led this man's back.

Tilghman had a code, too. He knew that he owed his life to Dooin. He passed up a few opportunities to shoot it out with the outlaw, so that he could get Dooin without bloodshed.

In those days in the West, houses were small and crude, and such necessary things as bathrooms were scarcely neglected by the architects.

To provide for busy folk there were public bathhouses; . . . small tubs made an enclosure of upright poles with burlap stretched between.

Tilghman heard that Dooin was in town and, although sober, was loitering in a bath. It was the opportunity the sheriff had been waiting for. He went to the bathhouse and entered so quickly that Dooin had no chance to get to his gun. Tilghman was therefore saved the trouble of shooting him.

Probably you've never heard of Bill Tilghman. Neither had I until I saw his name in a volume, linked with Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and other famous sheriffs. So I had a search made in the British Museum Library for his biography. I thought I knew the Old West and the people who lived in it, and it was something of a shock to me to learn that Bill Tilghman was the greatest lawman of them all.

He was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on July 8, 1851. When he was knee-high to a grasshopper—a mere two years—he finally moved into the wild

country of Arkansas, Kansas, where men were men—and women were very pleased with the arrangement.

A few years later a small domestic argument began, called the Civil War. Bill's father and older brother got into the brawl, Bill had to support his mother and four younger children.

When Bill was sixteen he hitched up with three other youths and they took their rifles into savage Indian country and began to knock over the buffalo . . . the bison.

But there is such a thing as being too good. Bill, and many others like him, began to wipe out the shabby bulls—and the profits with them. So Bill became a constable and later a cattleman.

The Indians, having been depleted with the buffalo, like as a rancher could be dull. The greatest danger was from lawless white men. Bill decided to become a gunfighter for the law.

By then, in 1871, at the age of twenty-three, he was tall, good-looking, powerfully-built, kind of children and loved by them. He neither smoked nor drank. And, to play it safe, he was not unarmed; he had a remarkable knowledge of Western history, could write a good fist and spoke Spanish fluently.

The Dictionary of American Biography says that his reputation for courage was not exceeded by any other frontiersman of his time and his skill with a revolver was uncanny. It must have been—Bill lived to be seventy!

Naturally there were women in his life. When he was still on the family farm in Arkansas, and just sixteen, Bill got to walkout with a low-class blonde. But he had adventures in his blood; the blonde called—and Bill followed the call. blonde never

forget him, even though she married someone else. Every Sunday of her life and on many other days she wrote Bill a postcard. "Each one addressed to him and each one bearing a message of her undying love for him."

But she didn't post them. She put them in a box and it must have been a big box. When, many years later, Thompson called on her, she gave him the box—and it contained nearly 2000 postcards!

He was twenty-four before a female put a bullet on him. Her name was Flora Kunkel—and he must have loved her because he started a stock ranch and decided to settle down. She bore him four children.

He stayed put for eleven years! Not that he was entirely without adventures, for he was usually the local marshal. When the former Indian Territory was taken over by the Union and named Oklahoma, Bill saw a chance to get into some excitement when he joined the spectacular settler's race which marked the opening of the new State, on April 22, 1907.

He obtained a good site, on a spot where later grew up the city of Guthrie, but he didn't stay there long. In 1911, at the age of thirty-seven, he took up residence in Chandler and built it up into a fine home. He was also appointed deputy marshal. At the age of twenty-three he had been a deputy-sheriff of Pottawatomie County under the famous Bat Masterson, and later he had been marshal of Dodge City during some of its liveliest and deadliest periods.

He remained deputy-marshal of Chandler for about twenty years, although his politics did not always coincide with the politicians in office! The region was over-run with outlaw gangs when Bill took office. His gun spoke gently but very firmly. The

men on the oval-horned trail were either married to Doc Holliday or挂around along the other parts. Police-officer Thompson brought peace!

Bill explained his inability to lead to Theodore Roosevelt: "Mebbe it's my ability to fire a six-shooter at a coward before the other man, but I also had a shade of advantage, because the man who knows he's right always has a little on the man who knows he's wrong."

His first wife died, but Bill was too good a man to stay around lonely. In 1923 he married Eva Agnes Stratton, of an old pioneer family. She added three more children to his quartet.

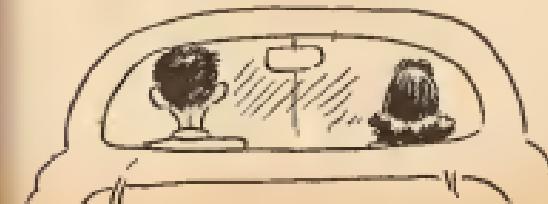
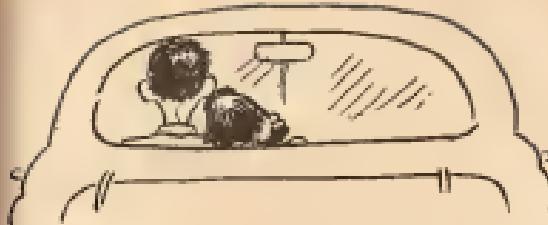
In 1930 he was elected to the State Senate, but that was no life for a man of action. He resigned after a year and, at the age of fifty-seven, became Chief of Police of Oklahoma City. In 1935 he went into final retirement. He supervised the making of a Western "quarrel" called "The Passage of the Oklahoma Outlaws."

He had retired when, in August, 1934, surprising what a little time ago that would be, was asked to take the job of marshal of Custerfield, a boom all town. His friends told him he was too old for that sort of thing. He reached his gun-belt down from a nail.

At the age of seventy, but still tall and hearty, he went out to clean up crime.

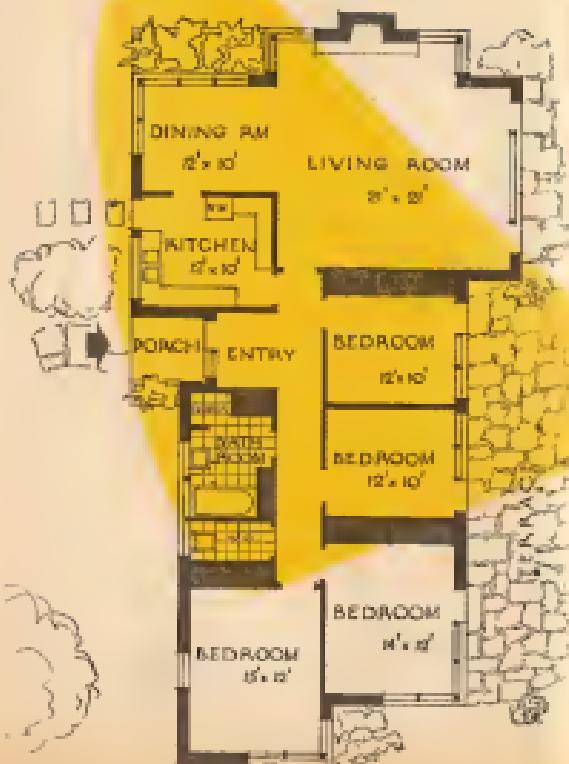
On November 1, about ten weeks later, he was told that an armed drunk was trying to shoot him in the town. Bill went out and took the gun from the revolver. With a grip on the drunk's arm he started for the police-station.

The boozey-ster had another gun in his coat-pocket. He grabbed the gun, treated it full in his pocket and then the life out of William Mathew Thompson, the finest lawman the West had ever known.



THE HOME OF D-BIT (No. 14)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



planning for a larger home

So many difficulties confront the home builder of the present day, and building costs are so high, that it is quite a good idea when a large home is required to plan it in such a way that portion can be built and the remainder added at a more opportune time.

CANALCADE suggests for this reason a four-bedroom home on more generous lines than has been the rule in this series.

The plan is such that two bedrooms could be omitted from the present building programme, and added later without alteration to the existing structure. To be in proportion with the four-bedroom house, the living room is large and has a dining alcove

opening from it, with large glass doors.

The garage runs along one side of the front of the house, according to location, so that full advantage can be taken of the sunshades and the wind. Three of the four bedrooms and the living room open directly on to this terrace.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe and there are ample linen and cast cupboards. The kitchen is equipped in a modern manner and contains room for a washing machine.

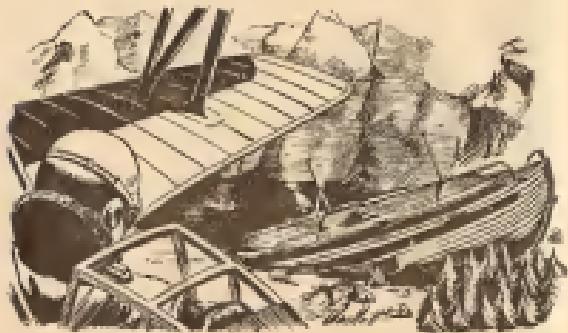
The total area of the house is 1900 square feet. It has been designed for a large block of land, which must be regarded as an essential to set it off properly.



THE SECRET

of ARARAT

Somewhere in the wilds of Asia Minor lies an old, weathering vessel. Is it really the Ark?



IT may surprise you to learn that the remains of the Ark are still resting on the slopes of Mount Ararat where Noah parked it over 5,000 years ago. don't be in a hurry to ridicule the story with a shrug and a cynical grin.

Many people of Biblical integrity have seen the wreck within the last decade and—what a coincidence! American citizens took maps of it just before the last war ended.

It is one of those strange stories which have been passed off the headlines by the march of events, but recent statements by the Soviet Government have focused the eyes of the world upon the black mountain in the wilds of Asia Minor.

The earliest known reference to the existence of the Ark is contained in "Antiquities of the Jews" by Josephus, written about A.D. 100. He

says, "The Armenians call that place Lerdant Ploc" indeed is the Ark was preserved there and its remains are shown to the inhabitants to-day."

More evidence is provided by Sennar, the Chaldean, who, after describing the Ark and circumstances of the flood, says, "There is still some part of the vessel in Armenia and people carry off pieces of timber on donkeys."

It is known that the Ark received a coat of pitch.

Following this early witness is the testimony of Claudius Junius Ilich, one of the renowned authorities on Babylonian history. For a number of years this scholar was the representative of the East India Company in Bagdad and in 1801 he published "Evidence in favor of Noah's Ark."

He writes: "Human Age maintained to me that, with his own eyes, he had seen the remains of Noah's Ark. He went to a Christian village, whence he ascended by a steep road for an hour in the region, in which he saw the remains of a very large vessel of wood, almost entirely ruined, with ends of a few long still remaining."

In 1855 a series of avalanches on the south side of Mount Ararat dislodged several villages in the valley with considerable loss of life. The Turkish Government sent a Commission to investigate. After climbing for many hours the party came across what they described as "The rear end of an arched structure" resting on the edge of a small human lake. They could only enter a few feet owing to snowdrifts.

Ten years later the great World's Fair was held in Chicago and one of the attractions was a Religious Congress attended by delegates from all over the globe. Among the visitors was Archdeacon Kourn, of the Nestorian Church of Melkosh Ordos, an aristocratic Persian and a direct

descendant of the great Nebuchadnezzar.

This gentleman caused a considerable stir during the first session of the Congress by relating how, a few years before, he had climbed Mount Ararat and discovered the remains of Noah's Ark wedged in a rocky hollow.

According to the Archdeacon it all happened while he was on a visit to the Patriarch of the Nestorians in Kharput and Persia. Being a professed scholar he knew of Josephus and the probability of finding some traces of the vessel had always fascinated him. As he was one day in the spot he could not resist the temptation of finding out for himself, he was determined to climb Mount Ararat.

After several attempts he at last reached somewhere about 11,000 feet. Here, to his amazement, he saw among the giant hull resting slightly on its side near the edge of a frozen sheet of water between two lofty crags. When he had recovered from his astonishment he picked his way through the snow and entered the Ark.

Despite the fact that the Archdeacon was renowned for his scholarship, his story of the Ark was a flop. But this did not prevent him from undertaking an extensive lecture tour which proved a money-spinning until, as reached California, where many of his audiences were distinctly hostile. They absolutely refused to believe that any wooden structure could last over 1,000 years.

Much to the delight of the scoffers, he was declared insane and placed in a mental home. Through the influence of a wealthy lady admirer, however, he was released.

The song in the story appeared to be that the Ark was found at 11,000 feet above sea level. Many doubted the Celigs around the earth to such an extent as to find the Ark as far

A. H. deJessey! A U.S. news magazine says that a sailor was fished out of Seattle Harbor by a pilot-boat after a woman had dragged him back into the water when it became apparent that he had no place on. A Providence (Rhode Island, U.S.A.) woman, cleverly disguised, however, had his clothes ready. Clad in such clothing as a housewife, he assured the gamblers that his conduct was merely safe technique.

his plane lower, Koskovinsky saw a small lake which reflected the sunnier sky, the sandy side was broken over and sparkling in the sunlight. Then they spotted the Ark.

Flying so close in as possible, the astonished airmen were able to define what appeared to be two short roofs. The top of the Ark was arched and supported a central ridge which ran the entire length of the vessel. One quarter seemed to be under water, but, on the only clear of the lake, was a huge deck.

On returning to base, the airmen reported the discovery. The expedition leader next day flew over the same route and confirmed the information. A full report was forwarded to headquarters and later the Russian Government organized an expedition to explore the south side of Mount Ararat and to investigate the tale of the Ark.

A large party camped on the slopes during the summer months and studied the remains of the hull, took photographs and measured all important features. The Ark was found to be 480 feet long with a height of 120 feet and 8 feet high. The timber was slender wood, a species of spruce, described in Genesis as "shopher" and the entire structure had been painted over with a wood-like preparation, referred to as "bitumen" in the translation of Josephus.

The remains of the pines on the lower deck indicated they had been fairly large. There were barriers twelve thick dividing them into small compartments, possibly the stalls of the larger animals. On the deck above a series of pens were arranged, the pens fitted with that metal bars secured to the framework with copper nails.

Some time after the expedition had returned to Moscow a raid was made by the discoverers in the library

of the Convent of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai of an ancient Arabic manuscript dealing entirely with the history of the Deluge and the construction of Noah's Ark. The description of the internal arrangements was almost identical with the details reported by the Russians. According to the Arabic parchment, the beams and cables were fastened down in the hold, the middle deck was designed to house the birds, and the passengers deck reserved for Noah and his family.

In due course a full report of the exploration of Mount Ararat with photographs of the Ark was compiled. A copy bound in native leather, covered with the Imperial arms, was to be presented to the Czar by the leader of the expedition. But a few days before the date fixed for the function, the Revolution broke out and Koskovinsky and his family were on the run. The report was never made public.

In the confusion of the Revolution, Koskovinsky (who was a White Russian) managed to evade the Bolsheviks and escape to America where the account of his discovery of the Ark caused a sensation. The story was syndicated throughout the U.S.A.; sermons were preached about it and even those who years before had doubted the Archibishop began to think there was something in the story after all.

On Sunday, December 4, 1921, a commercial station in Sydney broadcast the fact that a Russian airmen had discovered the Ark and four years later, on Sunday, January 28, 1925, the information was repeated, to the consternation of the men of the finding of the Ark had encircled the world and strange stories filtered through from all quarters.

There are still several pieces of the Ark (piano) to be fitted before the

picture can be pronounced complete. It would be interesting to learn the identity of the two observers from the R.A.A.F. station near Brighton, England, who—when flying at the same time as "The Ship"—showed the humped shape of the Ark taken with a small camera when flying over Ararat. Exaggerations of these prints would prove most interesting.

Then there is the episode of the Italian from Bovolo who wrote to the authorities of the station which featured this story, stating she knew a pilot in the R.A.A.F. who had taken photographs of the Ark, unfortunately he crashed shortly afterwards and was killed.

From A.D. 100 when Josephus recorded the Ark was still in existence and could be seen to 1882 (when the remains were said to have been photographed) is a good span of life, even for a legend and apparently so much as still a long way off, for the Ark has kept back up to the headlines.

Anomalous interest in this ancient legend was revived a few months ago when a syndicate was formed in New York to visit Mount Ararat, claimant who claimed the Ark and to erect it in the U.S.A. As soon as the news reached Moscow the Tass, News Agency proclaimed that the proposed expedition was merely an excuse for American espionage, and that any British aircraft flying over what is now Russian territory, would be shot down without warning.

This sudden concern on the part of the Soviet Government prompted a further statement to the effect that Noah's Ark was a national possession of the Russian people and that proper measures would be taken for its preservation.

Despite the claims of the Soviet Government, the question remains: Is the Ark still on Mount Ararat?



* A Wood from the Oille Wolf. A wife made to order can't be composed in a ready mold * To which he adds—rather wantfully: You'll find some of the best bedtime stories on hotel registers * And that reminds us there once was an Indian Maid . . . but it took a fiver to do it * Post's Corner: Content of bone, meat or whale, stay the saturation of every a mule * Who and Otherwise: Many a man would be alive today if he hadn't tried to save enough to retire on * Give a man enough rope and he'll tell his wife he's tied to the office * Just because a man is polished is no sign he has a clean mind * Then, of course, there was the painted matron who was sure her husband was unfaithful to her; none of the children looked like him * Our Town Psychologist says that if a man goes upstairs two steps at a time, he's probably an optimist or he *means* downstairs five or six steps at a time; he's probably a former optimist * "My wife spent twenty-five dollars at a cosmetics shop without winning anything," reports a correspondent . . . obviously off his nut * Our Brewerie News Room: Richard Richman, of the Bronx, N.Y., an tool for shooting two statistics of radium, complained: "They remained out of my girl friend, so I took them home" * Illustrations on a camomile pot: "Insert one, twist lightly, and push off to catch your tears, as death . . . bits of stuff in a suspect's trouser turn-ups recently provided the police with admissible evidence, little bits of stuff are always dangerous * And always remember that the reason why the average sceptor would referee here better than basing is that the average man can see better than he can think * City High-Lights: We have recently encountered an astute eavesdropper who inherited most of his uncle's estate; he married the daughter of his uncle's lawyer

OUR SHORT STORY: Said one inmate to another inmate, swooning down a wall: "My god, what's the matter with you? You look terrible!" "Yes," said the other inmate, "Stand well back; I think I've caught a little pneumonia!"

THE HOUSE OF

DOOM



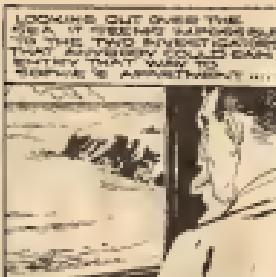
• PLEASANT GREEN PAPER-THIN •
SILENTLY AND DARKLY CLOTHING
RESEMBLING THE DEAD BODIES

• THAT'S GLORIOUS TO SEE A MAN
MOUNT, CASH REQUIREMENTS TO
THE FLOOR, AND THEN, WITH HIS
MONEY IN HIS POCKETS, HE
WALKS UP THE STAIRS WITH THE
DEAD BODY OF SCOURGE CLOTHING . . .



• IN THE END, INEVITABLY, WOMEN
DOOM DOMESTIC CLOTHING
WITH THIS . . . I D'YOU SAY
THAT'S A KNOCK







THAT'S ENOUGH, FANNY. DON'T BE
SCARED. FANNY, DON'T BE
SCARED. DON'T BE SCARED. THE
LOCKED UP WOMAN...



THAT'S ENOUGH. DON'T BE
SCARED. DON'T BE SCARED. THE
LOCKED UP WOMAN...



NO LOVERS?

AS I TOLD YOU
BEFORE TODAY



AS I TOLD YOU
BEFORE TODAY

TELL ME ABOUT RICKY
AND MARIA. TELL ME
ABOUT RICKY AND MARIA.
TELL ME HOW THEY GOT
GET THEM AND GET
RICKY OUT OF THERE...



CAIN GOT PERMISSION
TO REPRINT STORIES
ONE NIGHT FEST ABOUT
THE MURKIN'S LIFE
ALL WANTED TO...



WELCOME
TO THE ATHLETIC
WHO CHAMPIONED
FOR WEEKS AND...



... BUT SOMETHING
WENT HORRIBLY WRONG
A HIGH PLACE.
HE GOT LAST NIGHT. HE
WAS FOUND DEAD
THIS MORNING...

HAVE YOU ANY INFORMATION
ABOUT RICKY AND
MARIA? TELL ME
ABOUT RICKY AND
MARIA...



ARMED WITH PHOTO-
GRAPHIC EVIDENCE, CAIN
SETTLED IN HIS COUCH
TO READ FURTHER IN
FOR INFORMATION — AND
ENJOY HIMSELF...





Other Agents He Found
Abortionists, and Took
The Charlatans into His
Own Practice.

YOUNG MAN WAS KILLED
BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT
TO HAVE A LEAD



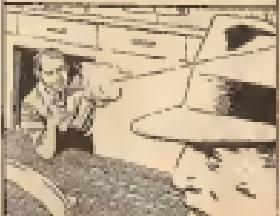
GOING INTO THE CAUSE -
TAKING THE STANDING
CARE. PLEASE IT MIGHTY
HE DESIRES TO PROFOUND ABSURD



YOU GO AND SEE TO YOUR
BULLETS TO DEATH WHILE I
FLIGHT UP THE LADDER HERE.



AT CAMP WILDFIRE ON THE
MOUNTAIN OF THE COASTAL MOUNTAINS.
WHAT A BEAUTY!
WHAT BEAUTY!



I WOULD NOT TO
WAKE UP TO IT YOU
WALKED AWAY ... YOU
EVEN TOLD ME YOU
WERE THE ONLY
PERSON WITH HER, AND



THIS IS WHERE ROCKY
DRAWS UP HIS TAIL - AN
ACID TAIL / HE GOT
OUT OF TROUBLE WITH THE
REST OF THE GANGS .



YOU BLINDED ME INTO
SOMETHING BIGGER
THAN YOU THOUGHT.
THIS SET-UP IS WELL
CAPITALIZED



TO THE SOUTHERN AND
THE WEST TOO. RICKY
LIVED HERE WITH
HIS MUSICAL MENTS
BEFORE HE GOT HIM.





MEMORIAL SERVICE TO HONOR THE MEMORIAL



THE CARRIERS GOING
DOWN AND HAVING A
TEMPTATION TO TURN
HOSPITAL, BUT CANT TAKE
HER. IT FOLLOWED VOL
REACH TELLS CAH, "ALL
THE DAY."



-- THE SHAFT CRACK OF
A REVOLVER SHATTERED
THE STILLENESS AS
TOMMY REACH COME
IN FROM THE HILL.



THE DOWNSIDE OF
THE PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
BUREAU IN THE CITY OF LANSING
SEEN BY THE STATE'S
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
REGULATORY BOARD



Get that British spirit

For 46 years more Shell has been bought by more motorists than any other brand of petrol. It's a good British habit.

In Australia alone, Shell is refining British petrol from British crude at the rate of 72,000,000 gallons a year. The crude is brought to Australia in British tankers from British wells in British Borneo by Shell—British ownership.

Get that British spirit—always fill up at the Shell pump.



always fill up
at the SHELL pump



Tempest over Tilly

The boys just wouldn't keep away from Tilly . . . so the old . . . and Phil the Axeman was a real efficient . . .

JACK PEARSON • FICTION

TILLY was my mother's bane. "But, George," she used to complain plaintively to my father, "it isn't that the girl makes my hair; it's just that she's easily led, that's all."

"Hah," my father (who was a man of few illusions) always replied. "Nobody ever got far enough ahead of that girl to lead her, they trip over her while she's waiting to be caught."

My mother refused to be convinced. Ever since the day when Tilly had first appeared to "lead a hand about

the house," my mother seemed to have formed a deep attachment to her and she never wavered. Soon the pair of them were housemates and would often be seen walking hand in hand another in corners. At least, Tilly did the courting and my mother did the listening. She had a lot of listening to do. Tilly was an accomplished liar and never at a loss for something to confide. My mother believed every word of it.

She even believed that the hunting scenes of bedding mink had which



"How at ya, man!" bellowed Old Sandy, hurtling crackingly through the grass.

every evening congregated at our gate even for the pure pleasure of Tilly's conversation. They came from far across the paddocks in draught houses and buggies and on foot, and they clustered around Tilly like bees.

"Good heavens I tell you not to come but they won't pay no heed to me," Tilly pronounced self-righteously. My mother disagreed that, too.

My father didn't. The more most of them used to inform him. He claimed that he needed a police escort

to clear a way through the mob. And when, at last returning home late one night—he clattered at the back and found his old friend at the gate by a large pail of chewing gum which one of Tilly's admirers had apparently deposited there and forgotten to remove, he was enraged beyond control.

"Either they go or she does!" he snarled at my mother. "Tell her that!"

My mother knew when my father meant business. Next day, I heard

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her calling Tilly. "Now don't you go worrying yourself, now," Tilly assured her. "You won't be seeing them for a while, I don't think."

"You're quite sure, Tilly?" my mother cross-questioned anxiously. "Not my throat and may I die?" Tilly insisted. "The young won't Phil Flannery now, see?"

"My God, Tilly, what?" my mother repeated panicky. "The young won't Phil Flannery?" Tilly emphasized cheerfully.

"Oh my God!" my mother repeated over more panicky. "We were all surprised with Big Phil Flannery by repeats — and his repeats was not encouraging to power of mind.

He was a tall, powerfully built man with more than a touch of the ro-brash in him, as they said — who had earned himself a colorful character as a 'Jellyfisher' (on the best guess) and an imposing police record (mostly for assault and battery). He was also a handy man with an easy and winsome charm of several distinct shades. My mother had seen him to dispise her suspicions of strange men with ease. Now I could guess by the look on her face that she was certain his warm feelings were about to be fulfilled.

"But, Tilly, he's violent," she complained nervously, her voice quavering with what was obviously an earnest effort to suppress any tacit mention of Big Phil's prowess with the sex. "Only when aroused," Tilly assured her. "I won't name him."

My mother silently observed, judging. "Mark my words, no good will come of it," she prophesied gloomily to my father that night. For once, however, my father seemed to be disposed to take a brighter view of Tilly's performances. "It couldn't be worse than it has been," he told my mother. "He keeps that herd of Mulligan's sheep away from my

gate, Tilly, he's satisfied." My mother declined to be pacified. "There's safety in numbers, I tell you," she warned my father pominously. "We'll live to regret this yet!" "Bash," my father thought. My mother added.

But once my mother had set herself to do something, she was a very difficult woman to subdue. Having diplomatic relations with my father, she resolved back to Tilly instead and began to exert her undoubted powers of emotional persuasion. She needed all of them.

Tilly took a great deal of persuading. There was "something" about Big Phil Flannery, she said. She didn't actually describe what the "something" was, but whatever it was, she made it quite clear that she highly approved of it. In the end . . . out of sheer desperation . . . my mother had to abdicate dynastic and retain to add, millions later. She played her trump-card.

"But, Tilly, he's violent," she pointed out in plaintive reproach.

"So what?" Tilly inquired blithely. "They don't even speak in the street."

My mother suddenly cracked the approval. "Shame on you, Tilly!" she declared, determined not to allow her son to be beaten. "Shame on you, you wicked girl!"

Tilly was sufficiently censured to the common knowledge to cover up a wan inclination of a blush. "I'm sorry,"

"she admitted, wrinkling a trifle. "And, what's more, they my he half-black," my mother went on, brusquely checklist her argument.

The point was well taken by Tilly. She pandered in silence for a few minutes with the air of one debating persuasively. "Yeah," she concluded finally. "Now I got to think of it . . . so they do . . . so they don't."

My mother pressed her advantage. "So there's no telling what might



ONLY THE ELDEST SON COULD MARRY!

The Nambuthri Brahmins of Malabar practised the strange custom of "Hemogamy".

All married, from highly exalted worthies down to the most primitive shepherds, had rigid customs which they must observe. While our rules are very flexible, being governed mainly by suggestion, applied to a greater or lesser degree by social prestige, the more primitive the race, the more completely do the rules of matrimony often become.

The strongest, and at last resort, the most virile custom of hemogamy, which forbids to the wife of one Brahmin caste partner, and wife, even a member of a family to marry, is an extremely poor marriage, may be forced to marry unless certain rules which do not apply in the other.

For instance, the Nambuthri Brahmins of Malabar would not only the eldest son marry, but even to wish a brother to a son, he is likely of the eldest son to be succeeded. He should be the eldest son, else it would no longer be brother's son, and therefore he alone should be entitled to marry. For the first son is regarded as the full-fledged son of divine law . . . all succeeding sons are merely the offspring of doubts.

The son, on reaching manhood, is not until marriage, to have a wife, else he should be in law and does not "exist" for what we to see him. For this reason may

the understandable anguish of women, the matrimonial offer having seemed even without being a mere fiction. But when married to the father, who then automatically transferred them on to the position of the second eldest . . . and so on!

Women should the younger wives?

They should, can take their part of "Hemogamy" mothers, but are excluded from their father's matrimony.

Indeed, the rigid, religious concept of hemogamy has its down-to-earth and practical side. By propagating the offspring of the eldest son of each generation, the family property is kept intact, drawn through the years, did not disappear among countless descendants, as would be the case if the estate were not secured.

Modern civilization required no such cast iron discipline. Therefore the life. Appearance may have fallen, and given place to the fineness of culture of all her children until they are able to propagate. For Brahmins should die all on their own, while on the same time preserving purity for his own offspring. Life Assurance is a welcome form of saving this security, and thereby to the family's preservation between her two and independent life. Children then are policies to suit every need and every part.

ONE day in 1884, an anarchist at three a bomb and nearly killed Czar Alexander II of Russia in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg (now called Leningrad). Although the guards did not find the would-be assassin in their search of the 1,000-room rooms of the palace they did discover—in a supposedly empty bedroom on an upper floor—a pistol and two revs. This pair had worked in a few years before and had kept them potentially ever since.

Happens, you see," she added with a smile underlined by frosty, ghastly laughter. "No, that's right," Tilly agreed dubiously. "It doesn't happen to— I don't suppose there is."

"The best thing is to rip it right in the head," my mother advised, concerning exceptionally banal-like.

"Yeah, I suppose so . . . yeah," Tilly again agreed, though still with some reluctance.

"Right in the head," my mother stressed. "The very right."

"What, right off straight?" Tilly objected, alarmed to be confronted with the necessity of instant action.

"Yes, this very night," my mother announced with unquailed energy. "It's all for the best."

She had her own way as the usually she. "If you say so, I suppose it is," Tilly concluded without enthusiasm. "Okay! When I see him tonight I'll tell him . . . I'll tell him everything you said."

"That's a good girl, Tilly!" my mother applauded, as rep as the

success to pause to consider how Big Phil might be likely to react.

It was only after dark . . . when Tilly had left the house . . . that she began to have qualms. It means that she had counted on my father being at home that night. It was her mistake. My father had discovered that he had an urgent appointment in town . . . an urgent Business Appointment he had promised upon my mother . . . an appointment he couldn't possibly miss. My mother spoke only of an appointment business or otherwise, but my father was not to be disturbed. "I'll be right at home," he assured my mother cheerfully. "A cyclone comes, we to speak?" my mother begged nervously.

Leaving his helpless wife and child to be butchered behind his back," she added bitterly as he disappeared in his barge into the night. Weighing the shabby building close round the corners of the veranda, I disengaged my father's street as hurriedly as my mother seemed to be doing.

She hurried me indoors and grabbed up her sword with a despondent wince. "Battered beyond belief" she muttered moodily to herself. The veranda seemed to groan in a yearning shudder around the flickering kerosene lamp that was before electricity and telephones and similar trappings had reached our portion of the world and I cautiously backed my chair as near as I could to my mother's side without eliciting unbecome attention to any undue lack of courage. The night wind sighed mournfully in the eaves of the roof and something—or might have been a mouse—scurried under the long couch which stood against the wall. There seemed to be unpleasant suggestions in my mother's manner as they kept

up a steady snap-snap-snap. Outside, in the lightless, a firecracker uttered a blood-curdling screech. My mother and I were simultaneously in our feet.

"Our blood is on his hand," my mother accused my absent father, desperately pinning into her seat. The screech faded abruptly in her fingers and I averted my eyes.

A horrid gust of wind rattled the shutters, the gate clanged on its hinges, and the squeaking of the flying-doors shrilled in a baneful shriek. There was a rushing noise through the glass and swaying footfalls clattered the stairs.

"Here they are now!" my mother confirmed.

"We must die bravely," she added clutching the scimitar to her breast and adopting a stance which she obviously imagined would have suited a female Sainte-Croix standing beside the pyramids and contemporaneously disengaging the towels of a flesh-tinted web. It would have been an excellent impersonation of her legs hadn't permitted so shaking so violently.

I had never cherished any ambition to imitate a Sainte-Croix (brave or otherwise) and what I had heard of the gallants had left me with little affection for that movement.

Moreover, I was rapidly losing faith in my mother's skirts as a severe defense. I looked about me for a more refuge. Underneath the couch boards the wall seemed to offer a place of concealment. I took a flying dive in its general direction. Unfortunately, I misjudged my distance and smashed right badly on the head. That sort for long . . .

The back door crashed on its hinges with a resounding bang and I was instantaneous forced to open.

"Mama! Mama!" wailed Tilly, bursting into the room, "we've died!"

"Oh, not God, no Tilly!" denied my mother, rapidly clutching at herself to make perfectly positive I didn't say anything. I wasn't skin to."

"Yes You! We are. There didn't Tilly clamored with distraught desperation. "Or if we didn't we down well now, well be . . . and it's Phil Plummer who's done it. It is!"

"What? Who?" my mother begged hysterically. "Oh, my God, no, Tilly! Not him!"

"You him?" Tilly panted. "I meets him tonight and I tell him everything like you says . . . about him being married . . . and about his being helpful—"

"In Heaven's name, no, Tilly!" my mother implored pitifully. "You didn't tell him that!"

"Yes, I did!" Tilly contradicted her. "And then he up and says that that's over the fence . . . and then he's coming here to do in the pair of us . . . you first . . . and me next!"

"Whatever protect us!" my mother moaned. "He should be here now minute now!" Tilly assured.

My mother bowed her arms out in a sweeping gesture of peace. The scimitar at her fingers gleamed like a banished sword. "What the warden! Both the doors! Both the knives!" she commanded urgently and shoved me into the boudoir in her haste to obey herself.

The last window had passed that when the other thought struck her. "The god!" she whispered paroxysmally. "Where's the god?" "Out by the woodshed where it always is, I suppose," Tilly opined. "My God!" my mother prayed, giving up the ghost. "Perhaps he won't notice it." Tilly suggested without optimism. "Blacks have very keen eyes," my mother informed us helplessly. "They notice everything!"

"Maybe he's only half black," Tilly

handed. My mother waited her with the contempt I felt she so rightly deserved. "We stood waiting at one another's front door silence. "No" said my mother at last, reluctantly sounding things up. "There's no time to go outside and get it... we must just hope... and wait?" "Ask me, we won't be waiting too long," Tilly predicted. If looks could kill, my mother would certainly have assassinated Tilly on the spot.

The days-to-come in the big-house continued to repeat. "I know this would happen," my mother bemoaned endlessly. "Never anywhere has wanted... it's all your father's fault!" "Ask me, just a matter of who gets here first!" Tilly deduced doggedly. My mother shrilled her.

The wind rattled in the eaves, the circle of darkness seemed to grow narrower around the house-tops, occasionally my mother sprang above and clapped by tugging herself with a terrified groan and shaking furiously. The fireplaces kept up their squeaking.

"Whish!" urged my mother still more than she should have saved her breath, Tilly and I had anticipated her. There was no doubt about it, somebody was visiting the house. The girls shivered, hearts thumped thudily up the path, at the bottom of the stairs they paused to listen. "It's him!" Tilly pattered giddily. "Whish! Whish!" my mother chided her. "Please we're not here!" "Whish! I wish the hell we weren't!" Tilly responded.

The boots stamped on the stairs and creaked. They began to make an unusually circuit of the house in the general direction of the wood heap. There was a clatter of falling timber and the sound of a tilted chair.

"Save us!" my mother whimpers.

"He's gone to get the axe!"

There was a faint "Whish" and I knew that Fortex, my half-witted fire-breath dog, was snarling impotently from under the house to avertigate. "Grrr-r-r" he growled uncessantly and vented on a tilted bark. "Grrr-r-r" a voice growled back uncessantly.

Fortex immediately burst into a cascade of happy pips. I descended him on the verandah and searched him the trials of racism (I didn't quite understand what it meant, but my father said it frequently in moments of emotional repartee).

"Grrr-r-r" reported the house voice even more savagely. There was a dull thud—the dog for some idiotic instrument striking that Fortex exploded with one昂昂的 yell.

"My God! he's slaughtered Fortex," my mother moaned in a whisper that chilled like a runaway whistle.

"An' now he bloody well won't" said Tilly. "Clever" noise on us, it's been-trained over!"

To this Tilly seemed to have some points in her favour.

The boots again were a circuit around the stairs and began to snarl the stairs. "It's him... drink too!" Tilly cackled. "He gets fucking mad when he's drunk!" "Your father's to blame for this," my mother said in an open outburst. "Letting us be bitchened behind his back!"

The boots tapped the stairs and paused on the verandah. Then they descended on around it. "Be brave!" my mother encouraged Tilly and me. "It's at the end!" There seemed to be no good reason for dreading it.

The boots turned the corner of the verandah and once more barked. Silence grunted gutturally and Fortex snarled at something. The boots fell to the floor with two

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QUOTING THE GOSPEL: So you want to live, eh? Well, your chances of getting a royal flush in poker are one in 64,770. But there are. A straight flush occurs once every 11,236 deals and a full-house occurs about every 628 times. And if you prefer bridges, your chances of having dealt a perfect hand—13 spades—are one in 83,601,234,400. Still, there's no need to be depressed . . . the horses and the dogs are much worse.

oddish things. "My God!" my mother cried in anguish. "He's taking all his books so he can stay on unanswered!"

Many soldiers disappeared from the veranda and a number groaned. "I can't bear it!" my mother cried recklessly. "We must see what he's up to out there!"

Walking on tiptoe, she cautiously crept towards the window. Tilly and I took up strategic positions on either side. Under her elbow, I peered nervously through a slit in the curtain. A faint head of moonlight shone through the glass of the veranda and shone weakly on the family忙着 which Tilly had piled there preparatory to tomorrow's running. Tilly wrapped in the moon-washed shawl, a dark, mysterious figure lay crouched. It was completely covered except for a tangled mass of black black hair. "He has all right, all right," Tilly mumbled in a reassuring whisper.

The figure in the sheets writhed agonizingly and writhed itself off a mat-

terous mat. My mother reacted to this so strongly that she cut the power to Tilly's suspension beam. "Circus! Stand off!" Tilly yelled, hurling me from her . . . apparently under the horrifying duress that I was Flannery.

"He's waiting until we're asleep so that he can strangle us in our beds," my mother concluded, by what process of reasoning I have never been quite capable of understanding. "We must get help before it's too late!" "Help? What help?" Tilly echoed automatically, having obviously discarded all truth in my aid.

The figure in the veranda wasted half of a second afterwords. My mother stayed weakly as impotently as her like a flash of lightning. "Sandy Clark! Old Sandy Clark!" she shrieked rapidly. "Why didn't I think of him sooner?"

She took the words right out of my mouth. I covered my mother severely for not having thought of Sandy Clark sooner. He lived in a cottage about three-quarters of a mile across the paddocks and he was an old man, but still, he was a man and better than nothing on a night like this. "Go get him," my mother ordered, shoving at my shoulder. "What?" "What . . . me?" I answered in unconvincing surprise. Old Sandy Clark and I were not on the best of terms after some small differences concerning a few minutes which had resulted from his escapades. "You, you?" my mother continued. Before I could prevent her, she had pushed me through the back-door and locked it behind me. That did it. Compared with her left outside, when with Flannery, Old Sandy Clark was a non-existent maniac. I went.

I have no clear recollection of crossing the paddocks, but I can remem-

ber passing an Old Sandy's door. "Leave us! Leave us!" I yelled. "We're being murdered!"

I made a wide circuitous approach hesitatingly and naked skin arched on the floor. I heard Old Sandy strike a match and strike a curse. He struck another match with neighboring streamers and gradually an old lamp began to splutter.

"Circus! Circus! out! Who is still having our throats cut?" I followed, battering at the door with this and that. "It's murder, that's what it is!"

The door opened so suddenly I narrowly escaped falling flat on my face. "Tilly! Tilly! Be still, lad!" commanded Old Sandy, leaping on the threshold. "There'll be no murderer here!"

"Wor! these past!" I said him. "Well, you see if you can stop it, then Flannery's over on our place . . . with us too!"

"Flannery!" berated Old Sandy impatiently. "Show me the assassin!"

Wincing automatically, he commenced to jog-ast towards our house. We followed together up the back-stairs. My mother received us at the door and provided a sparse shelter for us to enter.

"Thank God you're home," she welcomed and Sandy, displaying every symptom of imminent collapse. "Yeah, thank God!" Tilly echoed. "God help them to help themselves." Old Sandy retorted piously, reciting the Serpent Women with an austere square of unctuousness. "Where is the devil?"

"Come!" invited my mother, hooking uncomprehendingly. Side by side, they peeped through the slit in the curtain. I gathered that the figure was still poised in the sheets. "It's a how bulk!" Old Sandy mumbled more or less to himself. The figure in the sheets groaned heavily. Old

Sandy recited further than my mother did, but he recovered faster. "You're dangerous" he advised my mother after infinite thought. "I have had ample opportunity to realize that," my mother replied weakly.

Old Sandy took a more intent look through the curtains and scratched reflectively at his bald scalp.

He picked a third time and scratched his scalp some more. Then he seemed to settle on a plan of campaign.

It was a tall bay-window, reaching almost to the floor. "Be the one who?" Old Sandy told my mother. "Be as you throw up the window, I'll jump on him with both feet." "Tilly, do that!" Tilly supported him.

"Because of the past," my mother warned Old Sandy. "When I last heard no he knowed by which he'd been hit," Old Sandy assured her with a large of certitude.

He took a final look through the window and prepared himself for the leap. "Sandy, son!" he cried. "Sandy!" my mother told him with overworn timidity. "There you go!" Old Sandy roared. The window was flung up with a bang. "Hoo at ya now?" bellowed Old Sandy, hurling through the gap with a crash of cracked shrews. "I have ya, Flannery, ye drunken duf!"

An intense blast passed from the previous form on the window. The violent tearing of hairs was drowned by a scream of recognition from my mother at the window.

"Flannery!" my father's voice was an odd indigitation as he bleatedly writhed in red horrors of his own consciousness of Old Sandy Clark and his after-appraisal hangover. "Who shall shay that ish Flannery?" They pushed him drunk and disheveled before I left the pub."

Murder is a hard thing to manage with complete compunction . . . even when an Efficiency Expert is playing a rôle.



BLACKMAIL in the red

JULIUS CONNER, the efficiency expert for Wadell, Toys & Games Co., adjusted his glasses and checked the list of figures on his desk. When he finished his count, he leaned back in his swivel chair and smiled. The report showed a considerable saving over the previous month, a considerable and heartwarming saving.

Conner was pleased with himself, with his own efficiency. He was a small man—punchy, pickish, slightly bald—and he enjoyed his position immensely. There was a great satisfaction in telling the owner of the company that he couldn't buy this, couldn't spend that. It was power, and Julius Conner loved power, loved

it as only a small man can.

The phone on his desk rang. The smile left Conner's face as he leaned forward. He became briskly belligerent. Lifting the receiver, he spoke so abrupt, "Yes!" into the mouthpiece.

"There's a Mr. Harry Nichols calling, Mr. Conner," the switchboard girl's voice replied. "Will you speak to him?"

Conner hesitated. He became cautious. He became despondent. Some of the pique drained from his face.

"All right," he said, at last, "put him through." The voice was hoarse.

The girl made the connection. A nasal voice spoke Conner's name. Conner narrowed automatically.

"I just thought I'd call," said Harry Nichols. "Just sort of visitable."

"What do you want?" Conner demanded stiffly.

"Now is that a nice way to talk to a friend? A friend calls available and you treat him like a disease. Is that a way?"

Conner tried to keep the nervousness out of his voice as he repeated his demand. "What do you want, Nichols?"

"Okay, okay. If it's got to be blackmail right off, it's got to be. I'll tell you what, I got a chance to make a good deal, see? But I need some dough. About five hundred. No more deal."

"I told you a month ago!" Conner began. "You promised to destroy the letters I gave you \$250. Why haven't you kept up your end of the bargain?" The voice grew weakly threatening. "I won't give you another cent. Not one more cent!"

"They're such nice letters," the nasal voice sighed mockingly. "They read so pretty. Especially the one

that starts, 'Dear Uncle.' That's a corner. Your wife would love that one, wouldn't she, Conner?"

Conner trudged down the small man's round staircase.

"You wouldn't dare. Not my wife. You wouldn't dare."

"I don't blame you for feeling that way," Nichols laughed. "Not that you give a rap about the woman herself. No. But she has a nice place of change in the bank. You'd never get a chance at that if I showed her the letters."

"Nichols" voice became dead serious. "I'll tell you what, Conner. I'll give you a break. I could keep making you wait you were dry, if I wanted to. But I'll give you a break. You can have the letters for five hundred. Give it to me in a hurry sum, and I'll slip the letters right into your palm."

"But I haven't got that much," Conner pleaded. "I never I hasn't."

"You could raise it. Besides, you'll get ten times that from your wife sooner or later."

Conner straightened in his seat. Nichols was right, he decided. He never held a determined ring in his hand. "All right. I'll take it somehow. When do I meet you?"

"To-night okay? At nine, Grindley Hotel. Room four-twelve."

Conner breathed. "Yes, to-night," and hung up.

For a long time Julius Conner sat very still. Bands of rage still stood out on his bunched. His shoulders were ached. Finally he took a hand-lunching from his pocket and stopped his face. He felt a little better. There was plenty of time until the check, time enough to worry then.

The report on his desk still waited a signature. His pen scratched as he signed. The desk blitter dried the

If you are disposed on eye-witness and a jury, where would you choose—men off the street or a group of college-trained men, specially alert? Well, you're right. In an experiment at Harvard University, U.S.A., a mock murder was staged before students. Not one in six agreed on the number of killers, and descriptions of the weapon ranged from a pair of knits to a machete. Not one guessed the correct weapon—a long, ripe banana.

seated, and he rose from his seat. It felt good to walk out of the office—like leaving a prison cell. His feet拖慢 as he marched, almost limply, down the corridor to Cesar Wendell's office.

Cesar Wendell, president of Wendell Toys and Games, was a stout, shaggy headed man, with great, bushy eyebrows.

It was he who had won the need of efficiency experts, who had hired the efficiency expert. Cesar, however, was made aware, from the first day of his employment, that he was nothing more than a necessary evil. Mr. Wendell despised efficiency experts, especially brash little men who thought on being petty.

Cesar knocked on the office door, then entered. Wendell's secretary shoved him into the president's "inner sanctum." For the tenth time, as he stepped into the comfortable private office, Cesar tried to think of an excuse to cut expenses by making Wendell do without a secretary.

President Wendell nodded his great head at Cesar,

"I have my report for last month, Mr. Wendell," said the small man. "I'd like you to check it. You'll see the results of my methods."

Wendell accepted the report wordlessly. He moved over it swiftly. A project walked out of him at the third line.

"Two secretaries fired? Why?"

"Mr. Rose and Mr. Morgan are among the same girl now. And is the future Mr. Martin will use a telephone for his decisions."

Wendell started and went back to the lot. A moment later he said: "Oh, come now, Cesar. You're really rough. Boys seem and ought to think alike. What good will it do to remove desk lamps from all the offices? And how much can we possibly save by refusing all letters with postage due?"

"Mr. Wendell," Cesar said breathily, "you hired me to save you money, in order to do that I must have a free hand. More than that, I must have co-operation. These seven will save almost \$20 a month in electricity. The store like that will add up to a twelve-hundred a year saving. Item eight is also a very small savings, but—"

Mr. Wendell interrupted by ringing his resignation. Waving his hand slightly, he said: "All right, Cesar. I guess you know your job. This report shows you're getting results, so I'll say no more."

Cesar smiled his triumph. He enjoyed Wendell's surprise.

He enjoyed rolling men . . . there was even a small library of Magazines, a pot-bellied eagle with its head inside its waistcoat holding its pocket, hanging on the wall in his bedroom. Sometimes Mr. Cesar was even im-

pelled to imitate the posture as he peaged at the mirror in the morning to practice his go before leaving for the office.

Beyond the lacquered valent-cast button and the suddenly massaging hand, there was little resemblance to be observed between Mr. Cesar and any human eagle . . . let alone the Eagle of France. If anything, he was vultureine . . . unless that, too, could be taken as a bird on vulture. But love . . . especially self-love . . . is notoriously blind, and Mr. Cesar was more than satisfied with what the mirror showed him.

So, to-day, he was more than usually complacent with himself.

In fact, he was as such an embodiment of cold ardour that he completely forgot the drawing voice of Harry Nichols, whispering his modernist invocations on the telephone. His mind was too full of his own private pleasure. Obviously, his tongue lashed over his lips like a cat savored sweets.

Not by a quarter to nine that evening Cesar had forgotten his victory. Once again his hectic manner denoted him. It was almost time for his appointment with Harry Nichols.

Cesar had gone home for dinner after work, had spent an audience two hours with his wife. Finally, at eight o'clock, making an excuse, he left home.

In the inside pocket of his overcoat he carried an envelope containing today drawn from the book that afternoon. His right hand pocket was weighted down with a folded notebook.

The small man entered the Grandland Hotel at five to nine. He rode the elevator to the fourth floor. His face was grim as he marched through the deserted corridor, noted the stan-

way east, then turned down four-tenths. He rapped sharply.

Nichols opened up immediately. He squatted at Cesar, seated, and stood as the small man entered.

Cesar waited uncomfortably while Nichols sat the door. He stared at the blacksmith's back. Nichols was slightly taller than himself, a broad-shouldered man, reddened, pock-marked, shiny. Cesar had him hired him, not because Nichols could force him to do things. Cesar disliked anyone with more power than himself.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Cesar," Nichols said, turning from the door.

Cesar was annoyed by the man's politeness. It gives him a feeling of being played with.

"Where are the lamps?" he asked coldly.

Nichols studied him, and somehow apprehended distant seas from his hawkish face. His nasal voice lost its peddy tone as he said: "I don't like you, Mr. Efficiency. And I don't trust you. You're always so benevolent, so that's how we'll do now. Let's see the money first."

Cesar was suspicious, but he took out the thick envelope. Nichols reached for it. The smaller man withdrew it quickly.

"The letters," he said.

Nichols removed a packet from his pocket. There were five letters. Cesar looked his lips when he saw them. What a fool had been to write them. It wasn't like him to lose his head over a woman.

But it had been one of those things . . . she had seemed so—somehow—enticing . . . so different from everything that he had ever before encountered in his rather unimaginative, nonrealistic existence. She had

SOCIAL reformers and other
privileged folk may insist
that we are not still living in
the Middle Ages, but consider
the case of 78-year-old Mr.
George William Hart, of
Sparta, Georgia, South East-
ern United States. Since he
was 26, Mr. Hart has been
engaged in charging every
writer by a secret person.
Mr. Hart has now success-
fully extorted his honest
(but family secret) bankroll
for people as far afield as
China and the United States.

seemed as different from his wife,
from the typists and secretaries he
bedeviled at the office . . . she had
been something right out of the world.

He hadn't meant to allow himself
to drift as far as he did . . . but it had hap-
pened. He couldn't even say he had
gone into it with his eyes open. It
just happened . . . and now—

"Let me look at them," he said,
holding out a shaking hand.

Nichols looked and spewed the
valuable ones by one. He held up each
letter in turn and Conner recognized
the handwriting.

"There's how we do it!" Nichols said.
"I don't want no trouble with you
so here's what I figured out. I'll stick
the letters in a hotel envelope
and address it to you. We'll mail
it right outside in the chute. Then
you give me the dough and we're done."

"Why don't you just hand me the
letters?" Conner protested. "I'll give
you the money. Why make a fuss?"

"Because I don't want no kid

goons," Nichols replied. "You know,
like, 'You give me first' 'No, you
give me' If I hand you the letters,
you might try to run off without
paying. And I know damn well you
won't give me the money first. So
we don't play games. We drop the
letters in the mailbox and that's that."

"What's to prevent me from running
out once they're mailed?"

Nichols laughed. "I figured that
too. The mail don't get picked up
until ten o'clock. Right up to that
time, with the hotel manager watching
for me, I can get the letter back."

He paused, then said, "It works
your way, too. You watch me and then
you pay out. Then you sit
here with me until after ten, so you
know I don't pick them up."

Conner shuddered, nodded. The plan
was good, and safe. It satisfied him
he gave Nichols his office address
for the envelope. It wouldn't do to
have his wife get hold of the letters
now.

Nichols finished addressing, wrote,
"Room 428" under the hotel address,
explained, "In case I have to identify
it," and posted a stamp in the upper
right hand corner. Conner watched
him slip the letters in and seal the
envelope.

They left the room together and
Nichols dropped the letter in the
mail chute. Conner followed the
mailcarrier back to his office.

The small man stared at the back
of Nichols' head as he jingled his
key in the lock. Conner felt differently
toward the man now. He had nothing
to fear from him. He felt contempt, a desire for revenge. The
worry and hate he'd known in the
past months faded up on him.

"See how easy?" Nichols was say-
ing, lightly, as the door swung in.
"Everything's settled. You give me



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Hollywood story
so well as

PHOTOPLAY

the money. We sit and talk a while. And soon—?"

Nichols' back was still turned. Conner left the gun in his pocket. He hadn't intended using it—or had he? It was true of Nichols made him carry it, he told himself. But now the burden of fear was lifted. And it would be felt. Strongly.

His hand whipped from his pocket. Mercedes' fingers clasped the weapon, not as a gun, but as a heavy lump of steel. The girl, swaying in a high, swift arc, came down on Nichols.

Mercedes cracked softly as she hit.

Nichols dropped, without a sound. Conner stood over him, panting. His face was flushed.

A sense of power flowed through him, more power than had ever felt before. He'd never done anything like this before.

Stamping quickly, he reached the fallen man. Nichols didn't seem to be breathing. Conner felt for a pulse. There was none. It was unbelievable. One minute there was life, and the next—slow, purgatory man was. He died so easily.

Conner rose, backed into the corridor, and closed the door. He ran down the hallway toward the stairway exit.

The next two days were the happiest in Conner's life. He worked hard at the job he loved; shelled suddenly at enormous expenditures. He was completely unburdened, unwarred. Within him burned a fierce sense of freedom. He was not of the only shadow in his life.

On the second morning Conner waited for the letter. It didn't arrive in the first mail, but he refused to worry. There was surface delivery at ten-thirty.

66 CAVAILLAGE, March, 1951

At quarter to ten Conner's phone rang. The switchboard girl announced, in an excited voice, that two men were on their way in to see him. They just headed through, she told him. They were policemen.

Conner responded, "Thanks," and hung up. Park mounted on his way were they here? They couldn't possibly have traced him.

He rose and started for the door when it opened.

Two men were half-looking and invisible. They towered over him. They dwarfed him.

"Conner?" one asked.

He nodded daintily.

"We're from headquarters. Headquarters. We want you to come along with us. There are some questions about the murder of Harry Nichols."

"Harry Nichols?" Conner asked. "Harry Nichols? I don't know a Harry Nichols."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Conner"—Conner felt a bewildered urge at the man's tone—"you know Harry Nichols. He was blackmailing you, remember? And you killed him."

Conner gasped. "I didn't" as he watched the big man take an envelope from his pocket.

"You probably would have gotten away," the detective said, "if it weren't for them."

"But I needed them here," Conner persisted weakly. "How—?"

"And they got here, too," the detective replied. "Yesterday they got here. Not sooner as this company was serving money. This morning they were back at the hotel."

The big man held forth the envelope. Conner stared at it. His eyes got hot, and stung and teared.

Surprised in pencil, he read the word, "Richard." And stamped in red ink, the words, Postage due \$1.



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CAVAILLAGE, March, 1951 97

Talking Points

POST-ATOMIC:

For better or for worse, we live in an Atomic Age and the A-Bomb has come to be regarded as something of a bogey among the very existence of mankind. For facts on the capabilities of the A-Bomb . . . its dangers . . . its potentialities . . . its weaknesses, read Mark Hoy's article "After The A-bomb—What?"

GENTLE GIANT:

The American West has a reputation for trigger-happy humans who shot first and spoke afterwards, and the story of the Plains is littered with the names of characters to whom human life counted less than a pair of spurs. But not all were cut in the same mould. Jack Horner, in his story, "The Gun Speaks Gently," has presented a gunner with a difference. Bill Tolpison is an almost unknown quantity in Western lore, but, as Horner reconstructs him, he must have been one of the most fantastic of them all.

SHADES OF NOAHL:

For centuries, the belief has existed that the original Noah's Ark still rests—here or there—on Mt. Ararat. Ancient histories have discussed it in their chronicles; archea claim to have photographed it; a United States expedition to search for it was not long ago banned by the Soviet Government. In his article, "The Secret of Ararat" (Page 66), Charles Mathews

tells of the various expeditions that have been made to locate the Ark, and adds some of the bizarre stories which surround it.

DOOR TO DOOR:

Pity the poor salesman . . . especially the door-to-door variety—he won his money the hard way . . . and some of the types he meets would prickle the hairs of even the Chamber of Horror's most depraved den. In "Doorsteps and Streetsteps" (Page 12), world权威, Gerald Rydman-Brown, takes you behind the scenes for a swift tour.

NEXT MONTH:

In memory of that grey dawn in Africa some many years ago, CAVALCADE next month publishes a special article by a man who was there . . . E. V. Thomas . . . who has since become one of Australia's leading novelists. Thomas' eyewitness account has to be read to be believed. He often fled, we hazardously recommended Cedric Manderley's "Green Willow Clans," and a vivid account of the Cobb & Co. days "Whips Were Cracking." Fantasy, adventure, sporting and a most debonair article are just what CAVALCADE readers need. Further includes a CAVALCADE Vignette with Stingo . . . "Red Hot Water," by B. Dalton . . . and a Jack Pearson horror story, "Cavern of the Creep."



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